McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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State Library

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR & RACES GREAT SUCCESS

The Greatest Event of the Kind Ever Held in McKean County.

THE RACING THE BEST EVER.

Sixty-Five Horses Entered—Twenty Runners—Big Exhibits of Live Stock and Farm Products—Many Amusements on the Midway.—Races to be held Saturday.

The Third Annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association was opened here on Tuesday and it is by far the greatest fair ever held in this county. When the managers of the association promised the people one of the best fairs in this State many looked upon these assertions as idle boasts, but those who have had the privilege of seeing this fair realize that they have kept their promise to the letter. Everything is far beyond the expectations of the most earnest fair boosters and if the weather will only be good this fair will be long remembered by all who were in attendance.

Tuesday, the first day, was devoted to getting everything in order and hundreds of men and women were busy this week from early dawn to late at night. There was no racing or special attractions, but notwithstanding this fact hundreds of sightseers visited the grounds and spent a pleasant day looking over the stock and exhibits and taking in the midway.

Wednesday was Grangers' Day and members of that organization and their friends from all over the county commenced to gather in town early in the despite the rain, which continued long enough to spoil the day's sport so far as the racing was concerned.

On this account the Fair and Races will continue until Saturday and good racing cards will be given each day.

The exhibits of live stock are much better and larger than ever before and the sheds are not nearly large enough to accomodate them all. New sheds have been hurriedly built and tents are also being used to shelter the stock. A MINER representative visited this department Monday afternoon and was happily surprised to see such an array of fine cattle, angora goats, sheep, swine and fowls, numbering several hundreds and more have been coming ever since.

Aside from the McKean county cattle there are several herds which have been exhibited at other fairs in this section and we must say they are the finest specimens we have ever had the pleasure to look at, and it will be worth anyone's time to pay this department a visit.

And it is not alone this department that is much bigger and better than ever before, but every department is enlarged proportionately. Lack of space forbids our trying to give anything like a detailed report of the many handsome displays of husbandry, needlework, etc., but we are not exaggerating in the least when we say that the combined exhibits of the two previous years would not nearly equal the present display.

The midway is also much larger than in previous years and is made up of much better attractions as well as several new and novel ones. The largest horse in the world is one of these new attractions and this beautiful animal is all that is claimed for it by its owners. An enormously large pair of steers is another attraction which is creating a great deal of interest. Then there is the merry-go-round, a good dance platform, the bump-the-bumps and numerous other attractions which are novel and amusing.

The grand stand has been enlarged by putting several rows of seats in the paddock. The booths under the grand stand are entirely devoted to products which are unusually varied and interesting. On the grounds are numerous lunch and refreshment stands. Fresh spring water for man and beast is there in abundance, and no efforts have been spared to make this fair the greatest entertainment of the kind ever given in McKean county.

He Foretold Her Death.

Prof. Chiros, the celebrated New York Palmist, at the Fair grounds this week, foretold the tragic death of Mrs. Myers who lost her life while making the baloon ascension at Olean Fair last week. The Professor had a strong premodition that Mrs. Myers would never leave the grounds alive, and told it to a number of Olean people, particularly to a party of guests from the Imperial Hotel only 15 minutes before the awful tragedy. Don't fail to have him read your hands. His is scientific Palmistry, not guesswork. Fair grounds this week only.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Death of Mrs. Catherine Altice.

On Friday, the 13th inst., a message came to Colegrove announcing the death of Mrs. Catherine Altice early that morning at the home of her son in Jamestown, N. Y. Her niece, Mrs. J. J. Downs, and her many friends had expected such news some time, as Mrs. Altice was in her 90th year of age, but supposed her health was as good as usual until the news came of her decease.

Mr. and Mrs. Altice came from Butler Co., Pa., in 1880, when the work began on building tanks and the U. P. L. station building at Colegrove. Mr. Altice was a blacksmith by trade, and Mrs. Altice was a tailoress and dressmaker. As the years passed by Mrs. Altice retained her physical and mental strength better than the husband, and cares of the home life were mostly borne by her. During the twenty years of her life there many different ones had been in the home and all learned to love "Grandma Altice," as they called her. Mrs. Altice had been a member of the M. E. church for more than fifty years and was very active and helpful in anything pertaining to the general good. Over seven years ago the death of her husband occurred and a few weeks later her son, Samuel Altice, took her to his home in Jamestown, N. Y., where she was well cared for until death came; just a painless event "a candle all burned out."

"Grandma" Altice never forgot her Colegrove acquaintances and would say to her friends and relatives who visited her; that she always had a warm place in her heart for the ones there and how she missed their words of greeting as they passed her home and saw her sitting near the door or window busy with her sewing. The testimony here is "she hath done what she could."

Miss Catherine Johnson was born in Franklin county, Va., on Nov. 15, 1818, was united in marriage to William Altice on June 27, 1839; celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on June 27, 1889, and died Sept. 13, 1907.

To Mr. and Mrs. Altice were born eight children. Two were buried in Virginia, Rev. Morten Altice died two year ago and three sons are yet living; Sam, of Jamestown; Frank, of Shennopin, Pa., and Charles of St. Marys, W. Va.

The funeral services were held at Colegrove last Saturday, Rev. Perkins officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in the Colegrove cemetery. *,*

Passed On.

Lorena Mae Stull, daughter of the late Baker J. Stull, was born in Farmers Valley, Pa., May 20th, 1891. When two and a half years old her father, mother and three brothers moved to California, but remained only one year. Her father died ten years ago.

She attended school at Meadville three years then went to Niagara Falls where she attended school until two years ago, when her mother returned to Farmers Valley and she came to Smethport to school, where she won the respect and love of principal, teachers and pupils. She was of that quiet, lovable disposition, which always wins the love of those around them. She seemed happiest when doing for others, and even in her last hours she looked to the comfort of those around her.

She was spending her vacation at Niagara Falls when taken sick and returned to her home but was with her dear ones only one week when she was called away, Friday, Sept. 13. Besides her mother and step-father, she leaves three brothers, Carl W., John O. and Louis H., and a baby half-sister which she dearly loved.

The funeral, which was private, was held at her late home on Saturday, Rev. Ware officiating, and she was laid at rest in Fairview cemetery. Her short life was as a ray of sunlight and though it has vanished from view, the memory of its purity and brightness remains to better the lives of others. The flowers were many. Five boxes of beautiful cut flowers arriving too late for the funeral. *,*

Warning about Killing Birds.

"It is a crime to kill any bird not specifically named in the game laws," is the notice Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the State Game Commission, has issued to the hunters of Pennsylvania.

"Because the family names of some birds are not found in the new law will be no reason why the birds shall be considered as unprotected, or why they may be killed at pleasure. All birds of Pennsylvania are given absolute protection, excepting the ones which are exempted from that protection by name, some as game birds, for which a specific season is fixed, and others as predatory birds that may be killed at any time. Hunters and others will save trouble for themselves by observing these facts.

There is a fine of $10 for the destruction of the eggs of any bird other than a game bird, and $50 for interfering with or destroying the nest of a game bird.

Call at our pattern counter and see how easy it is to use The Ladies' Home Journal Needle-work Patterns. A design may be transferred to any material as easily as ironing a hair-ribbon. Sold by Fry & Comes.

LADY AERONAUT KILLED.

Fell 1000 Feet from a Baloon at Olean Last Friday.

A dispatch from Olean dated Sept. 14, says: Within the sight of over 8,000 people at the fair grounds in this city Carrie Myers, an aeronaut, who made the baloon ascension here this afternoon fell to the ground from the trapese of the parachute, a distance of 1,000 feet and was dashed to death. Every bone in the woman's body was broken and death was instantaneous.

The cause of the accident can only be conjectured. Mrs. Myers was an experienced aeronaut, having been engaged in the business for the past five years. It was her fourth ascension in Olean. When she made the drop on Thursday she sprained her wrist and in the ascension Friday she wore a safety belt, which was strapped to the trapese and would support her in case her wrist was not strong enough to hold her. Today she did not wear the belt although her manager insisted that she should do so. She said she did not want to go up with the belt, because she considered it unprofessional to wear any safety appliance in making her drop in the parachute. He manager protested in vain, she preferred to trust herself to the hold which she thought was sufficient.

She made her ascension as usual and when about 2,000 feet above the heads of the multitude of spectators cut loose from the baloon. She made two drops with two parachutes, cutting loose from the baloon at 2,000 feet and from the first parachute to the second at 1,000 feet. To do this she was obliged to hold on to the trapese with one hand and cut loose with the other. She made the first without any difficulty, but fell backward from the trapese as she made the second cut off at a distance of 1,000 feet from the ground, falling in a field just outside of the fair grounds before the eyes of the terror stricken people who had gathered to see the ascension.

Hundreds rushed to her aid, but she was beyond help. Her neck and back were broken and a later examination revealed the fact that every bone in her body was broken.

Her manager stated to a newspaper representative that he believed that the accident was due to the failure of her injured wrist to hold her weight while she was making the second cut off. He said she was obliged to hang to the trapese with one hand while she pulled herself loose from the parachute with the other hand.

She was aged 32 years and leaves a husband and her mother who reside in Springfield, Mass. They were informed of the woman's sad fate by wire. She had been in the business for the past five years and had never met with the slightest accident in any of her former flights.

The management of the McKean County Fair had partially made arrangements with Mrs. Myers to give her act at the fair this week, and the final arrangement was to have been made as soon as she came down from this, her final ascension.

Othello at the Lyceum.

Mr. Edwin Burke and a company of distinguished players will appear at the Lyceum, Monday, Sept. 23, in Shakespeare's famous play, "Othello." Scenery, costumes and light effects are gorgeous. Chief among Mr. Burke's support are Mr. Bennett Kilpack, one of the most prominent actors in England who came from London especially to play Cassio in Mr. Burke's production. Miss Dorothy Quincy returned lately from the Waldorf Theatre, London, where she played the leading roles in Grace George's Company. Mr. Mack who plays Brabantio is a Shakespearian actor of much note in London and the brother of Andrew Mack, the well known Irish comedian. Miss Saidee Williams, lately imported from London by Chas. Frohman, plays Emilia. Miss Williams is known as one of the most lovable women of the stage and later in the season will be seen at this theatre in a character peculiarly adapted to her talents, that of Candida in Bernard Shaw's play of that name. Julian Richmond, who created the leading role with Chas. Frohman at the Empire Theatre last season, has a brilliant future. Mr. Burke is considered by the press, public and managers the foremost tragic actor of America and guarantees a superb production of the play, "Othello," [illegible] noted actors.

During the coming Fair week, and until my stock of merchandise is entirely closed out, have many bargains to offer. Many goods will be sold at less than cost, and no more than cost will be charged for any article in my store.

D. C. YOUNG.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns have a uniform seam allowance, thus doing away with the confusing outlets, which only waste material and spoil the style of a garment. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Wanted.

Girl for hand-ironing in laundry. Apply at once. W. B. Fry.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

The Duty of Pennsylvania.

In the opinion of State Chairman Andrews, Pennsylvania must block the way of the tariff tinkers who would, in the face of a presidential campaign, possibly wreck the Republican party by reckless revenue revision. Mr. Andrews is among the most earnest of the standpatters and with thousands of other members of his party believes that nothing should be done at this time in a matter of such peril to the party in power, particularly as there is no great demand for tariff changes on the part of the people, the clamoring being largely done by the politicians.

Mr. Andrews says the industries of Pennsylvania have too much at stake to look with complacency upon any movement having changing of the tariff as its object. The opening of the door to the slightest degree would inaugurate a period of doubt and uncertainty which would be reflected in the utter demoralization of Pennsylvania industries. Mr. Andrews is undoubtedly right, but his remarks do not go far enough. He might have said tariff tinkering would have a demoralizing and blighting effect on the industries of the entire country.

If the Republicans succeed in the next presidential election, and there is every indication that they will, then they may go about tariff revision without causing public hysteria, because it is realized that the "Grand Old Party" in control only such schedules will be changed as are demanded by altered conditions. But if the door is thrown wide open on the brink of a presidential campaign, who knows what it will lead to or what the ultimate results will be.

Mr. Andrews views with marked satisfaction the prospects of a large Republican majority in this state this fall. In view of the coming national fight he believes it to be the duty of Republicans to turn out to a man and roll up such a vote as will show just where we stand on the great questions that affect this country. A review of the field will show that he has reason to be hopeful. That there is a large normal Republican majority in Pennsylvania is [illegible]ed. Except as a result of some great reversal of public opinion due to scandalous abuse, that majority is always safe for party candidates. The battle this fall finds the Democrats without a campaign slogan and without an issue. That of the grafting at Harrisburg has been worn threadbare. Besides, it casts no reflection on the Republican party, which is moving vigorously to punish the guilty. From every section comes cheering assurance that there will this fall be a return to old-time Republican majorities.

Don't Want Them.

Burgess Boyle, aged 28 years, has gained a victory over the council at DuBois. Several of the city fathers insisted on the observance of the Sabbath blue laws of 1794, which was directed particularly at some Italian fruit vendors. The burgess couldn't see the justice of enforcing the laws on them alone, and made a manifesto that if any were compelled to close, all would have to do so. They insisted and he complied by saying:

"The Councilmen want a closed town, do they? Well, they'll have one. There will be no work of any kind done here next Sunday. Street cars can run only to convey people to and from church. Livery stable owners can hire no rigs except to convey persons to and from devine services. Every store in town must be closed. Soda water, cigars, fruit, newspapers and groceries are barred from any kind of sales. Guests of hotels cannot buy cigars even in their own hotel. Newspapers cannot be printed here Sunday night for Monday's issue. Men cannot work editing the copy. Restaurants can serve only at regular meal hours and will close at other times. Church bells must not be rung, for the man who rings them receives a salary. If this does not satisfy, next Sunday, I'll prohibit the paid choir singers from singing, and I'll stop the preachers from preaching, for that is their profession and they earn money when they enter the pulpit."

Last Sunday was a fair example of what the enforcement of these laws meant and those who were so anxious for them are satisfied that the laws of 1794 don't apply satisfactorily in the present century and they acknowledge that the boy mayor has won a great victory.

A number of other cities and towns in Pennsylvania [illegible] to enforce these fanatical laws, [illegible] people who are so eager to see them enforced will no doubt see the folly of it, as in the case of the city of DuBois.

Collars, yokes and all curve pieces in The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns always join and fit perfectly; something that cannot be said of any other pattern made. Sold by Fry & Comes.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted.

Girl for general housework. Inquire of F. D. Reynolds, cut glass plant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Martin.—In Keating township, Feb. 13, 1887, John Martin, aged eighty years, ten months and twenty days.

The deceased was born in Lindorf, Germany, March 26, 1806. On November 24, 1835, he was married to Elizabeth Gross, who died in 1885. In 1874 Mr. and Mrs. Martin emigrated to America, coming directly to this county and settled on the farm where they both died. Two children survive them, Simon, who resides in the old homestead, and Mrs. John Hafner, of Kasson. Mr. Martin was one of our old landmarks and was respected by all who were acquainted with him. The funeral took place in the Baptist church on Tuesday afternoon last at 2 o'clock, Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore officiating. The remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Friday evening, Feb. 11, 1887, shortly after seven o'clock, the blacksmith and carriage shop of Wm. Masser, situated on the corner of Water and Mechanic streets, was discovered to be on fire. A large crowd soon collected, but as there was no water in the main the only thing that remained to be done was to form a bucket brigade, which was done at once. By this time the flames in Masser's shop had got under such headway that buckets were of no avail so far as that building was concerned. But as the wind was blowing a perfect gale from the west the dwelling house of Col. Eaton and the bakery of Don Beatty on the opposite side of the street, were in great danger of being destroyed, and it was only through the most heroic effort of the bucket brigade that these buildings were saved. As it was the fire was confined to Masser's shop which was burned, with its contents, to the ground. Insurance $1,000, loss $2,300.

About ten o'clock Wednesday morning, February 16, 1887, smoke was seen issuing from the Baptist church in this place. The fire alarm was sounded and the hose companies lost no time in responding to the summons. On arriving at the scene of action it was soon discovered that the fire was yet confined to the basement. Holes were knocked through the stone walls of the foundation, and in an almost incredible short space of time two magnificent streams of water were playing on the fire. In the meantime the furniture in the audience room was being removed to a place of safety. After this was done holes were cut in the floor, and a third stream of water was brought to bear on the devouring element, which soon yielded to the copious drenching it was now being subject to. The damage was confined mostly to the floor, carpet and walls, and will amount, all told, to about $150, on which there was no insurance. Workmen were busily engaged in making repairs before the smoke had fairly cleared away, and it is expected that the church will be in shape to hold services in on Sunday next.

A young "engineer" came to the residence of Charley Tyler on Saturday, on Saturday, February 19, 1887.

The many friends in this place of Mrs. J. T. Nash (nee Lizzie Holder) of Sylvania, Bradford county, Pa., will be pleased to learn that she is the happy mother of a promising boy baby.

The wife of F. A. Thomas, foreman of the Reporter office, Port Allegany, died on Monday, February 21, 1887, of cancer.

Baker-Adams.—At Canadea, N. Y., Wednesday, March 2, 1887, by Rev. A. S. Kneeland, Frank S. Baker, of Smethport, Pa., and Emma E. Adams, of Canadea, N. Y.

By this alliance two of Smethport's well known and highly esteemed young people have united their destinies for life. We say two of Smethport's young people because Miss Adams has been a resident of this place for so much of the time during the past four years that she seems like one of us, and during that time has endeared herself to our citizens by her kindness of heart and winning ways. Therefore neither of the parties of this joyous union are strangers to our people, consequently the MINER unreservedly extends its congratulations on this auspicious occasion, with the wish that as Mr. and Mrs. Baker glide down the stream of life their voyage may be unobstructed by clouds of adversity, and as they reach their journey's end they can felicitate themselves on having made no mistake in their choice.

Charles Moore, of Keating township, [illegible] the most unlucky man in this section [illegible] Monday, March 14, 1887, while at work about his mill at Clermont a log rolled onto him, breaking his leg. Mr. Moore was laid up for months by an injury he received last summer by being kicked on the knee by a horse, and had hardly recovered from that accident when this late affliction befell him. The unfortunate man has the sympathy of all in his sore trials.

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns do not waste material. Sold by Fry & Comes.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdvoint.

"The Toymakers" are Coming.

In the new comic opera "The Toymakers" by Charles Felton Pidgin, who is chief of the Massachusetts Statistic Bureau, lovers of the drama and lovers of good music will have an opportunity to see and hear one of the great successes of the season in a clever dramatisation by Mr. Pidgin of this book of the same name. This new and already famous comic opera will be given here at the Lyceum on Saturday, Oct. 26, for one night only, by Messrs Atkinson and Thatcher's "The Jollities" company, an organization which carries all the scenery for this production for which the costuming and stage effects are of the best and whose many lyrics, twenty-six in number, have been set to music by the well known Boston composers, Charles D. Blake and John A. Bennett.

The extraordinary success achieved by "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a former work of the same author which in book form and in its stage production, took the country by storm, is a guarantee that "The Toymakers" will also win its way to all hearts. The scene of this "musical absurdity," as it is called on the bills, is laid in England in an old toymaker's shop and the laughable situations caused by the absurd actions of an electrical doll, which he brings to life, furnish the occasion for more fun and all around jollity than this town has seen in a month of moons. "The Toymakers" has everywhere been received with unlimited praise by the public and when one has seen its pretty stage setting of the old inn and the quaint toyshop, listened to its witty dialogue, always clean and wholesome, with its rollicking melodies, he is sure to enroll himself in the list of its admirers.

A Boy Is Wanted.

Under the head "Boy Wanted" the South Dakota [illegible] publishes the following clipping, which every parent of a son would do well to lay before his boy and ask him to read it for the good advice it contains: Boy Wanted—One of any age or breed to fill an important position. Must have a clean face, clean habits and a clean heart; need not know how to roll a cigarette nor how beer tastes, and if he is not up-to-date in all the smutty jokes of the pool room his ignorance will be overlooked. He must be a boy who gets up cheerful in the morning, builds the fire; one who can lay down his books occasionally to do an errand, who treats his mother and sister—and every other boy's mother and sisters with respect, and does not refer to his father as the "old man." He must be truthful, prompt, obedient and industrious. He must make his employer's interest his interest, and never be afraid that he is earning more than his wages. He is wanted to respond at once in any number. Merchants want him to sweep out the store for a few years, and ultimately to take charge of it. Newspapers want him to commence with the crowd at the bottom and work to the roomy place at the top. He is wanted everywhere—in medicine practice, in the counting room, to run great public works. The people who pay big salaries are looking for him. The people want him for judge in court, for member of Congress, Senator and President and the nicest girl in the world wants him for her husband.

Wants Presents Back.

According to the Bradford Sunday Herald, Mr. E. C. Anderson has instituted proceedings in the courts of McKean county, to recover possession of several properties which he purchased and deeded to Miss A. E. Norlin. According to the story as published in the Herald, Mr. Anderson soon after seperating from his wife, purcased the properties and deeded them to Miss Norlin, but since he has become reconciled with his wife, he wants the properties deeded back, but Miss Norlin refuses to comply with his request, hence the suit. Anderson claims they were deeded in trust, but Miss Norlin says nay. She further avers in in her answer to the complaint, that prior to the purchase of the properties, she and Mr. Anderson were engaged, pending a divorce which Mr. Anderson was to procure. It is a very complicated case and the outcome will be watched with interest, as there are some very fine legal points in question.

New Road Law.

Judge Criswell of Venango county proposes to have the roads of this section of the state put in condition for safe driving, whether for horses or automobiles. Constables were this week ordered to return the supervisors of half a dozen townships where loose stones were left on the highways contrary to law, and where there were not properly erected signboards at road intersections.

A severe penalty is attached to the failure of the officials to comply with the requirements of the law. The court openly notified the commissioners that punishment would hereafter be meted out if the provisions of the road law were not fully lived up to by them.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

... A ...

Labor Day Realism.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

PENNINGTON lit a cigarette, took one puff, hesitated, and then threw it away. He had forgotten the doctor's quietly spoken but incisive words, and now remembered them with a sudden return of his old dread of [illegible] might come.

And yet, what [illegible] could [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible]

He [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] what [illegible] group of [illegible] own particular college friends, [illegible] men, every one of them, [illegible] comes above all [illegible] [illegible] ever, the class orator and [illegible] was at [illegible] Keeley. Tom [illegible] Burke had [illegible] out, and [illegible] out, physically [illegible] were [illegible] their time [illegible] Pennington's heart was weak [illegible] by smoking, and [illegible] had given [illegible] cigarette [illegible] before. Jones and McFalls and Turner were the only ones who carried their heads and shoulders just as straight and high as when at college. And they were the three he saw the least of. Jones had gone in for agriculture, and in spite of his money, was a hard working, practical outdoor farmer with bronzed face and [illegible] voice and broad shoulders. McFalls and Turner spent much of their time yachting [illegible] when not [illegible] the water were [illegible] after [illegible], and they, too, were strong and bronzed by the outdoor life.

Pennington shrugged his shoulders impatiently and a little dismally. He did not care for athletics, he had no taste for farming, and yet there had been a time when he dreamed dreams. But accomplishments went with trades and professions and things like that, and with so much money he could not drop into them.

Unconsciously he lit another cigarette, and it was only at its contact with his lips that he remembered and threw it away.

The sidewalk was now thickening so with humanity that he could scarcely crowd himself forward. A moment [illegible] became [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible]

"HOW HAPPY AND STRONG THEY ARE!" SAID A VOICE.

crowd's. It was the only thing he could do.

Behind the music came a great block of marching men, and behind them another, and still another. Then Pennington understood. It was Labor day, and this was the trades parade.

Under other circumstances Pennington's gaze would have swept away indifferently; but here it was the sidewalk or the street, and of the two the street was the less tedious. It was at least a moving here.

The first impression that came clearly to his understanding was the strong, stalwart units of the blocks; the next, their contented and even happy looks. Then [illegible] started slightly, for among the faces he saw one that his [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] things, [illegible] taste. And here he was [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] Pennington grew [illegible] What did it mean? There were no faces like that among his friends, and his friends were of the favored few of earth. Even Jones and McFalls and Turner were not the same. They were contented and healthy, but with a difference. In this face he had seen a suggestion of the dreams he had himself dreamed, a joy of life that was above materialism.

"How happy and strong they are!" said a voice at his side, and Pennington looked down, a quick glow coming to his face and fading yet more quickly. It was the girl who had tinged his dreams, who had since grown distant and sometimes scornful. There was a note of wistfulness, of vague entreaty and almost wonder in the voice, which he felt, but could not understand. His face grew yet more troubled.

"Yes, they seem strong and happy, Esther," he answered, "in spite of being in trades."

"Because of being in the trades," she corrected swiftly, a vibrant ring in her voice that brought his eyes again to her face. But she was looking out at the marching blocks, her gaze steady, but with a tremulousness of the delicate lips that somehow reminded him of the odd note in her voice.

[illegible] BRICK FROM THE SIDEWALK.

She did not look toward him once, and when the procession had passed and the sidewalk relaxed its tension she slipped into the crowd and was lost. Pennington remained by the letter box until the sidewalk was clear and the street almost deserted; then he turned and walked in the opposite direction from what he had intended, his head bent thoughtfully.

The next day there was a rumor of Pennington's going abroad; his housekeeper had received a note to close the house, the agent to look after the affairs until further instruction.

Down on one of the back streets—a street unknown to Pennington's old life—were many dingy offices, meager in appointments, but representing a vast accretion of labor. At one of them a line of men were seeking employment, passing in front of a desk [illegible] high, where [illegible] accepted or rejected them almost at a glance, but the rejections were few. Men were wanted for new [illegible] [illegible] that required [illegible] [illegible] stopped in front of [illegible] desk, he was looked at [illegible] accepted and set to carrying [illegible] from the sidewalk to the men who were laying the foundation. It was [illegible] of muscle [illegible] work—and for the first few days [illegible] even, it seemed wholly of the [illegible].

But there was an [illegible] element of doggedness in Pennington's nature which had never [illegible] to the surface, and, though his limbs trembled with weariness long before the days were half over and at noon he sank into a crouching heap upon the nearest board, rather than cross the street to a restaurant, he struggled on in some way until the hour of dismissal came. The second day the boss told him gruffly that he could not afford to pay him more than half wages, and the third day that he should pay him nothing at all, for his was worth nothing.

That was tantamount to a discharge, and so the boss meant it, but it was not one of actual words. Pennington disregarded it.

The boss looked toward him doubtfully from time to time, but in the end concluded to let him remain. Such determination promised good work if the man survived the breaking in. Besides, he must be in dire need. The boss could understand why such a workman might seek employment in [illegible]. When pay night came, he was given an envelope like the others, and the boss thought he knew why the now blistered and bleeding fingers turned the envelope over and over and finally slipped it into a pocket where a hand was allowed to remain as though to feel its contact. But he did not. It was merely the first money that the new man had ever earned.

Pennington had a little room over the secondhand Jew store where he purchased his coarse suit of working clothes, but he had not brought money to pay the room rent. He possessed a cheap silver watch, however, and this he left with the Jew as security. With his first pay envelope he redeemed the watch.

In his room were a cot, a chair and a rusty little stove propped up with wooden blocks. But it was not until the third week that he started a fire in the stove and made a disastrously ineffectual attempt to cook his breakfast. It was a good sign, however, [illegible] on his hands [illegible] disappeared under rough lumps and ridges.

How he had lived before this no one knew but himself, for until he received his second pay envelope he did not commence crossing the street to the restaurant for a noon lunch. When he sat down for a few minutes at the noon hour he did not double over in a tremulous heap as he had done at first, and, though his face was whiter and thinner, its flesh was firmer than when he first came, and his eyes were clearer.

The boss looked at him with more approval now and was beginning to see that the man knew things outside the working of his hands and that even their inefficiency would be overcome in time by his determination. For the most part the men were illiterate, and many of them among the foreigners could not even read or write. As Pennington's hands acquired a working knowledge of the materials and his mind began to more thoroughly grasp the details the boss gave him occasional jobs of oversight or authority, for he seemed the best man at hand for them. At first it was an hour or two of keeping the men's time, the stock taking of some of the materials or perhaps a commission downtown to purchase things that required inspection and could not be ordered by ordinary messenger or phone; then, after a year or so, he began to be left in temporary charge during the enforced absences of both foreman and boss. And by that time Pennington's hands were as firm and hard as the average workman's, and his thin face and narrow shoulders were filling out with good, solid flesh.

At the end of three years the foreman started out as an independent contractor, and the boss took his place. Pennington would then have become boss, but the new contractor asked that he go with him as foreman, and Pennington, with an odd feeling of exultation and wonder, consented.

All this time the agent had heard nothing, and an expression of speculation was beginning to appear on his face. Of course Pennington must be dead, for he was a man who required a great deal of money, and being in Europe made the money more imperative. The agent was in half mind to communicate with the nearest relative, but hesitated and concluded to wait a little longer.

A small portion of Esther Kilton's property consisted of downtown tenements, and in the last few years she had become infected with the reform movement and was remodeling them with more regard for the inmates' welfare than her rent roll. Several blocks had already been rebuilt and occupied, and recently to hasten the work she had given a block to a new contractor. When the old buildings were demolished and the new walls up a dozen or more feet she went down to look at the work.

Men were springing up to the cross timbers, dropping back and walking about on the narrow beams carrying heavy loads, and all with such unconcern and fearlessness that she stood looking at them, fearful and yet fascinated.

Poised on the very edge of a timber almost above her was an alert, compactly built man who seemed to be directing the work. Something about him drew her gaze back again and again, yet even while her eyes kindled they dilled mistily. He was so like and yet so unlike, so what the other might have been and was not.

Presently the man sprang lightly across to another timber, seven or eight feet away, explained something about the work to a new man, then crouched and dropped to the ground twelve feet below.

As she turned, he stood, facing [illegible] and they [illegible] for some minutes into each other's eyes. He had been so absorbed in the work that he had not noticed her presence.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM DREW HER GAZE BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN.

"Esther!" he said.

"Ralph Pennington," wonderingly. "I thought you were in Europe."

"No, I have been here all the time."

"In work like this?"

He nodded.

She looked at him with the color rising warmly to her face. In her eyes was inquiry, then comprehension, joy, exultation.

"Ralph," she said softly after a long silence, "will you come up this evening and—and tell me about it?"

There was a smile in Pennington's eyes, though his face remained grave.

"Yes, Esther," he answered, "I will come up and—and ask you about it. I am now in the trades."

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Any class of water transportation is incomparably cheaper than land transportation, unless something better than the modern railroad is invented. For this reason the greater part of our domestic or inland tonnage has been and is carried by water and not by rail. For that reason the railways own the largest steamers on the lakes. The wheat trade was lost to the Mississippi, not by competition, but because the railroads did not bring it there. The Mississippi above Cairo is decadent, not for lack of ability to compete, but for lack of commerce, which is to say accessibility by means of its own tributaries.—Charles D. Stewart in Century.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

THE BLACK SCOURGE

That Fearful and Mystic Visitation of Olden Days.

IT FOLLOWED IN WAR'S WAKE.

In the Fourteenth Century It Swept the Whole of Europe, Killing 25,000,000 In Three Years—The Pestilence In London.

The plague or pestilence, that mysterious and fearful visitation which has moved its hosts in the wake of armies to slay more than war itself, is supposed to have first originated among the dense masses of people who crowded together in the great cities of Asia and Egypt or who formed the encampments of Xerxes, Cyrus and Tamerlane, the Tartar. It probably sprang from the impurity which must have existed in the midst of such vast gatherings and in part also from leaving the unburied dead upon the field of battle. At any rate, the germs of this fearful human poison have always been most active where conditions similar to these have prevailed. It has always been war and the march of armies that have spread it broadcast over the world from time to time, and as war became less frequent and less worldwide the frequency and extent of these ravages have lessened also.

The first recorded outbreak of the plague in Europe occurred in the sixteenth century. It came from lower Egypt. This was the first lapping of the wave that reached into the east again, there to stay its movements, so far as the [illegible] was concerned, until 544 A. D., when the returning legions of the Emperor Justinian brought it again into the western world from the battlefields of Persia. Constantinople was the first place it attacked. Here in a single day as many as 10,000 persons are said to have fallen victims to it. But the plague did not stop with Constantinople. It had found a too congenial soil in Europe, which was little else than a great battlefield at the time. It was carried into Gaul, where it followed close in the wake of the Frankish armies, and from Gaul it moved into Italy, with the Lombards, and so devastated the country as to leave it entirely at the mercy of the invaders.

The various crusades, which extended over a space of about 200 years, no doubt did much to hold the pestilence in Europe, for they served to keep open the channels of intercourse between the east and the west. Periodic epidemics were common during their continuance, and these seem to have culminated in the fourteenth century [illegible] known in history as the [illegible] Death. [illegible] The world [illegible] of war was nothing [illegible] to it. It swept the [illegible] of Europe [illegible] in its path [illegible] and desolation as the world had never known. It killed in three years some 25,000,000 people. Such figures stagger the comprehension, but the records of the time cannot be doubted. The entire population of Europe is estimated to have been about 100,000,000, kept down as it was by the constant warfare, and of these at least a fourth perished.

The ravages of the plague in Italy, where it came in the track of the war of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, was particularly disastrous to mankind. It raged with terrible fury in Naples, where 60,000 persons are said to have died. It fell upon Pisa, and seven out of every ten perished. It utterly and forever destroyed the prosperity of Siena. Florence also suffered severely, while 100,000 of the inhabitants of Venice were literally wiped off the face of the earth. From Italy it moved into France, where the mortality was almost as great. In Paris alone 50,000 people died from it. One of the worst features presented by the history of the black death was the cruel persecution it aroused against the Jews. They were supposed to have infected the air in some mysterious manner, and they were accused of having poisoned the wells and springs. In Strassburg 2,000 of them were buried alive in their own burial ground.

The order of the Flagellants arose at this time, coming from the belief that the sins of the world had at last brought down the wrath of heaven. It was the beginning of the so called hundred years' war that carried the black death into England, where in London its victims numbered 100,000. When at last the plague had worked its ravages it doubled back over its course to disappear in the east. Later on it appeared again in England, first among the soldiers of Richmond after the battle of Bosworth Field, and when the victorious army marched to London the plague went with them to work its havoc there. As long as it lasted the mortality was as great as that caused by the black death half a century before. Five thousand people died in five weeks, and then the plague left London as suddenly as it had appeared there to sweep over the rest of England.

In Scotland the plague of 1568 came immediately after the battle of Langside, when Queen Mary was dethroned, but no records of the mortality it occasioned seem to have been preserved. The plague visited London in 1675. This followed after the civil war which ended with the death of Charles II., but so many years intervened that it is impossible to trace any connection between the two events. In modern wars danger from the plague seems gradually to have lessened perhaps as a result of better sanitary conditions maintained by the armies of today.

To cure a cold first move the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

MEETING A CROCODILE.

The Animal and the Hunters Were All Taken by Surprise.

While looking for a hippopotamus it was the fortune of the author of "Uganda to Khartum" to encounter a crocodile under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was following a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. Two men accompanied him, one carrying his camera and the other his second gun, while he shouldered his rifle.

Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me and realized that some creature was approaching, but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread, but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second.

At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile more than twelve feet long.

I was right in its path, and there was no possible escape on either side, so I stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The "croc" did not wait, however, and in some remarkable way it hustled me to one side, almost knocked me over, and endeavored to make his way to the water.

To dispute his right of way would have been folly. I realized only a horrible, soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg, but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin. And he was more taken by surprise than I was and forgot all about his huge jaws and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs.

After he had passed I turned to see how the men would fare. One had got back to the shore and so was no longer in view. The other man with the camera was the funniest sight. His head was stuck fast in the thick brambles, and his legs were in the air, the camera of course in the mud beside him. I do not think the "croc" could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws.

THE SNEEZE

In Past Ages It Played a Very Important Part in Life.

Many odd notions still exist as to sneezing, and some persons may be heard to exclaim "Bless my soul, once!" "Bless my soul, twice!" and so on after each sneeze. But in past ages the sneeze really played a very important part.

In ancient Greece the people saluted each other whenever any one present chanced to sneeze. As Xenophon was addressing the Greek army in a moment of defeat on a [illegible] occasion a soldier sneezed. The flags of battle were forward [illegible] sneeze was [illegible] the Greeks were successful.

Among the Hebrews [illegible] sneezed the [illegible] say "Tobim chaim"—"A long life to you!" In India criminals on the rack [illegible] have saved their [illegible] sneezing accidentally.

A humorous story about sneezing is told in that wonderful collection of oddities, "The Arabian Nights." A schoolmaster was particular in teaching his pupils the value of politeness. He also told them that whenever he sneezed they should clap their hands and say, "Long live our noble master!"

One day master and pupils went out for a stroll. The air was hot, and all soon grew very thirsty. Great was their joy at last to find a well. But the bucket was at the bottom of the well, and so the schoolmaster went down to bring it up. The boys seized the rope and tugged for dear life. Just as the schoolmaster reached the top of the well he sneezed. The boys let go the rope and clapped their hands, shouting, "Long live our noble master!"

As for the poor schoolmaster, he fell to the bottom of the well, where he may be to this day, for all one knows.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Swords Bent Double to Test Them.

If you have an opportunity at any time of examining a sword such as is used in naval and military services you may notice that just below the hilt, an inch or two down the blade, there is a small disk of brass welded into the blade. The meaning of this brass might well escape any one not possessed of a well developed sense of curiosity. Swords are subjected to very severe tests before being issued, and this brass piece indicates that one of the tests to which the sword was subjected was to have its point bent right back until it touched the hilt at the brass spot. Swords that have successfully withstood this severe test are trustworthy.—London Chronicle.

Tested It.

"Willie," said the boy's mother, who was preparing to go out, "you mustn't eat that cake in the pantry while I'm gone. It will make you sick."

Three hours later when she returned Willie said: "You didn't know what you were talking about, mamma. The cake didn't make me sick a bit."—Chicago News.

Too Willing.

Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear little Fido? He's in such—such agony. Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam. Old Lady (indignantly)—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Answers.

A Fast Train.

Passenger—Does this train stop anywhere for dinner? Brakeman—Nah, it don't. Passenger—Then I understand for the first time why it is called a "fast" train.—Judge.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 19, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Cameron county fair is on at Emporium this week.

—New tailored skirts and dress goods are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—Duncan Clark, of "female minstrel" fame, is now touring the country with a "comedy company of pretty girls."

—Preaching at the Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, morning at 10:45, evening at 7:30. Sunday school at 12 m. and Junior at 3 p. m.

—The 70th annual session of the Olean district conference of the Methodist church was held at Port Allegany on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

—The Keystone Guard, a lodge of DuBois, is sueing the Express of that city for $25,000 damages for an alleged libelious article published against that organization some weeks ago.

—The chief cause of appendicitis is now said to be steel rolled flour, in which minute particles of steel from the rollers are found. The disease is said ro have been almost unknown before rollers came into use.

—Fires have been started in some of the co-operative window glass factories of the mountain district, and they will no doubt soon resume operations. No agreement has as yet been reached by the manufacturers and men of the factories other than co-operative, and these plants will remain idle indefinitely.

—The grape crop is looking fine throughout Erie county and along the lake belt. Along with this comes the information that the growers expect better prices this year, as they have entered into an agreement whereby the crop will not all be harvested at the same time, thus safe-guarding against having a supply greater than the demand.

—Confidence in a dream averted a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad last Thursday night. Previous to reporting for duty Engineer Burd, who hauls the Buffalo flyer, dreamed that the train ran into a landslide between Dauphin and Halifax. Burd determined to run carefully and at the identical spot indicated in the dream the engine ran into a landslide at slow speed.

His Shave and His Nerve.

A youth with untouched face walked slowly past a barber shop, then back again, then passed and repassed, each time drawing nearer and nearer. Finally, as though he had just reached a determination, he turned in and handed his hat, coat and collar to the officiating "shine." When it came his turn he got into the chair with an air of assurance which was rather out of keeping with his haunted eyes.

"Hair cut?" queried the barber.

"Naw; shave," said the youth. "Just once over, and be kind o' careful of the neck whisker."

The barber put his hand over his face to hide a grin and went to his lather cup. He turned on the hot water and passed a wink down the line until every barber had his gaze that way. Then, with ponderous care, he lathered the face and coolly began shaving his customer with the back of the razor.

"Does she pull?" he asked after a bit.

"A leetle raw," said the customer, with fine discrimination. "Got a wire edge, hasn't it?"

The barber replied by stropping his own hand violently, then resumed shaving with the back of the razor.

"How's that?" he said.

"Fine as silk," said the customer, now grown veteran. "I tell you it's all in the stropping, Jack."—Baltimore News.

They Let It Go at That.

They were holding down the parlor sofa together.

"Women," he remarked to the dear girl by his side, "are not good listeners."

The dear girl said nothing.

And the dear girl's mother, who was doing an eavesdropping stunt at the keyhole, was not in a position to contradict him.—Chicago News.

It Takes Cash.

"Why are there no lynchings in this city?" said a New York policeman. "Because the officers always get there ahead of a rope. There are several patrolmen on each block, and it takes some time to hunt up a hardware store and get a rope. The man who goes after it usually loses his enthusiasm when he finds that even a clothesline means cash on delivery."

Three things too much and three too little are pernicious to man—to speak much and know little, to spend much and have little, to presume much and be worth little.—Cervantes.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Trying the Wrong Man.

An unusual verdict was rendered by the jury in a case tried in a California town a good many years ago. The question was as to the ownership of several head of cattle which the defendant was accused of having stolen from the plaintiff. As the case proceeded and different witnesses gave their evidence, it became apparent to all listeners that the defendant was an innocent man. When it came time for the jury to retire to consider their verdict, they did so, but returned to the courtroom in a few moments. The foreman looked the judge straight in the eye and said with a drawl and twang which betrayed his New England origin:

"Jedge, we find the plaintiff guilty."

"The court is not trying the plaintiff, but the defendant," said his honor hastily, and the matter being explained, the foreman was at length induced to express the jury's opinion that the defendant was not guilty.

"Howsomever," added the foreman solemnly, "'pears to me we're considering the wrong man, your honor!"

Holy Land a World Center.

It used to be a fancy that the Holy Land was the center of the world. In a sense not then meant it was indeed central. It occupied a strategic position. Three continents converged there, all the continents known to the ancients—Asia, Africa and Europe—being contiguous to Palestine. On the south was Egypt and on the north Syria. Or, taking a wider view, on one side of it were India, Persia, Assyria and Babylonia, while on the other side of it were Egypt, Greece and Rome. A babe among giants the land of Jesus was indeed little among the geographical tribes; but, like a babe, it was monarch of the household of lands.

From its central vantage this Palestine saw through the march of centuries the procession of these mighty empires—Assyrian, Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek and Roman, being itself during much of the time a center of influence and determining force that have helped form the character and history of the civilized world.—Exchange.

A Clash of Prayers.

Maggie, with her fair face and blond hair, and Nina, with dusky skin and kinky wool, had played together at mud pies and had swung on the same gate ever since they could remember, for Nina's mammy was Maggie's nurse, says the Housekeeper. They were now seven years old. Maggie loved Nina in spite of her color, yet she had a feeling that her friend deserved to be white, so she added to her prayer each night:

"Please, God, make Nina white."

As the weeks went by and Nina remained unchanged Maggie felt that her petition needed reinforcement, so she confided in Nina, begging her to pray for the greatly desired transformation. But Nina, in surprise, looked at Maggie with wide open eyes and exclaimed:

"Me? No, siree. Fo' de Lawd, Maggie, I doan' wanter to be no white child, an' I's jes' prayin' with all my might for you to come black!"

The Intelligent Bird.

Two negroes in Washington were overheard discussing the intelligence of birds in general.

"Birds is shore sensible," observed one darky to the other. "Yo' kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had one in a clock, an' when it was time to tell de time it uster come out an' say cuckoo jest as many times as de time was!"

"Yo' doan' say so?" asked the other negro incredulously.

"Shore thing!" responded the first darky. "But de mos' wonderful part was dat it was only a wooden bird too!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Builders.

"The Egyptians were the builders," said a contractor enviously. "No wonder their monuments will endure forever. Labor was nothing to them. As you would spend a cent on a newspaper so would an Egyptian king put 10,000 men to work upon a temple. Labor, you see, cost nothing. A striking example of the Egyptian prodigality of labor lies in this fact: No less than 2,000 men were employed for three years in carrying a single stone, a stone of unexampled size, from Elephantine to Sais."

Unlucky at Bridge.

"Do you believe in this thirteen superstition?" asked Tete de Veau.

"I do," replied L'Oignon. "I could never understand why I was so unlucky at bridge till I discovered that I was always dealt a hand of just thirteen."—Exchange.

A Little Mixed.

A Hindoo barrister thus excused an absent client whom sickness had prevented from coming to court: "The man has fallen unwell, your honor, and he has sent a man here to say that he is lying and cannot come."

A Theory.

Tommie—Pa, how do storms git out? Tompkins—Get out? What are you driving at—out of what? Tommie—W'y, the weather bureau, o' course. I didn't know but mebby the man left a drawer open.

A Failure.

"When she gave you the piece of cake, did you say 'Thank you?'"

"Yes, ma, but it didn't do no good."

"Didn't do any good?"

"No; she didn't give me another piece."

Getting Square.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner tonight. She—Oh, mercy, dear, don't! It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner. He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one, anyway!—Yonkers Statesman.

A Stinger.

Mrs. Nagger—Perhaps you recall, it was on a railway train that we first met, and— Mr. Nagger—Yes, but it's too late now for me to sue the company for damages.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unconscious Humor.

A number of little folk in an English [illegible] were recently asked [illegible] results. [illegible] aged seven, [illegible] chord in the heart [illegible] womanly and shows that Lizzie must be an observing person. "A lady is something like a man," says Lizzie, "but she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes, and she's got a lot of work to do." Charlie, aged six, is impressed by the difference between the sexes. "A lady" he finds to be "different from a man because a lady has different clothes from a man, a lady has different eyes from a man, a lady has a different body from a man, and a lady has different shoes from a man." Howard, aged seven, gets at the same facts from a different point of view. "A lady," he says, "has not got some trowsers, but a man has got some trowsers." A second Charlie, a year older than the first one, thinks that "a lady is a nice woman because she don't have [illegible] clothes, and she has a watch with her, and she has a chain on the [illegible]."

Not a Stranger to Her.

[illegible] of the Pullman car [illegible] his eye on the [illegible] across the [illegible] finally left his seat [illegible] beside her, and when they had [illegible] a few minutes [illegible] to be protesting, and the conductor's opportunity had come. [illegible] forward and said:

"Madam, if this man is forcing his attentions upon you he must resume his own seat."

"He is not exactly a stranger to me," she admitted.

"But you seemed to be annoyed, madam."

"I am not exactly annoyed, but I wish he wouldn't talk to me."

"I am simply arguing a case," explained the man.

"Yes, but there is nothing to argue. We have been married and divorced twice, and now I've married another man, and we can't be married again until he dies. Give it up, Jimmy—give it up and go back to your seat."—Chicago News.

If Washington Were There.

Two prominent society women of Washington were seated in the gallery reserved for the families of congressmen.

"What a grand body of men!" exclaimed the younger of the two enthusiastically.

"Do you think so?" asked the other demurely.

"Why, of course I do. See how dignified and [illegible] they are. [illegible] back to [illegible] he would be proud of such [illegible]."

"I fear [illegible]," said the elder of the [illegible]. "If George Washington were to come back and [illegible] he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address."—Lippincott's.

Early Use of Tobacco.

I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round about the table. They had first silver pipes; the ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. Tobacco was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbors say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it until he had done.—"Brief Lives Set Down by John Aubrey," [illegible].

Two Acre Farms.

In Belgium a two acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer and his family. The typical two acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round on the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just outside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens.

Turned Down.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, with outstretched palm, "but haven't you forgotten something?"

"No," replied the departing guest, "but I'm trying to forget it. Good day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Ring In His Speech.

Edyth—You ought to have heard Mr. Huggins' ringing speech last night. May—Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech. Edyth—Well, I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring.—Westminster Gazette.

Too True.

After our landlord had pocketed the $30 which we pay monthly for our little apartment he blushed painfully.

"Why do you color so?" I asked.

"Because I have a rent in my trousers," he murmured.—Exchange.

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains

40 DOSES,

And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that KEMP'S BALSAM is the

Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted

AND

Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

I am headquarters for

SHEET IRON

ZINC

BRASS

COPPER

and TIN

STOVE PIPE

made to order, any size

Anything in the tinner's line given prompt and careful attention.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

[illegible] DEPOT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a [illegible] movement containing 21 [illegible] one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to [illegible] the wear and tear, [illegible] of the railroad [illegible].

KERR.

Main St.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

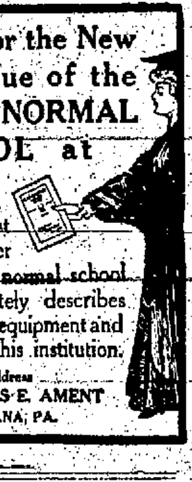
(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURD[illegible]

I have purchased [illegible] and fruit stand formerly [illegible] by "John" Musanti, [illegible] Brownell grocery [illegible] a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Conte[illegible]

Your patronage is solicited.



Send for the New Catalogue of the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL at Indiana

—it is the most elaborate ever issued by a normal school and completely describes the splendid equipment and facilities of this institution.

Address

DR. JAMES E. AMENT

INDIANA, PA.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Photo Fancies.

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 19, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. [illegible] BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

It is reported that Cassie Chadwick, who made such a reputation as a swindler some time ago, has been stricken blind.

JAPAN has discovered that the outrages against her people on British soil are not to be compared with what happened at San Francisco. Of course not! Circumstances alter cases very much, particularly in the matter of international bluffing.

THE 2-cent-rate law, which was recently decided unconstitutional by the Common Pleas court of Philadelphia may yet be found to be constitutional. Attorney General Todd declares that he has found a United States Supreme Court decision to controvert the opinion of Judges Audenreid and Wilson, who declared the Dunsmore rate bill unconstitutional so far as it applied to the Pennsylvania railroad.

THE matter of paving Main street will probably be settled some time next week, but just what will be done is hard to predict. At a recent meeting the crushed stone proposition was rejected and now it is to be a concrete foundation or [illegible], which we think is very wise owing to the circumstances. When the bids were in and figured up it was found that the difference between these foundations was less than $1,000 and therefor we think the concrete will be the cheapest in the end. Before the bids were in we had been led to believe that the difference would be nearly $10,000 and, at that price we thought it would be good economy to use the crushed stone foundation. The cost of concrete paving is about $8000 more than the present available funds and if this deficiency can be overcome the contract will be awarded at the next meeting of the council. If not the proposition will for the present at least.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14, 1907.

Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, has just returned from his vacation, which he spent in Connecticut, and is prepared to begin his winter campaign against illegal trusts and in the interest of legitimate corporations. "We intend to take up eight branches of investigation," said Mr. Smith to your correspondent. "These will be steel, lumber, waterways, coastwise and the canal and inland waterways, tobacco, cotton exchanges, farm implements, that is the International Harvester Company, and patents on agriculture implements." The investigations which have been conducted by the Bureau of Corporations have resulted in prosecution of the Beef Trust, which, though a legal technicality, fell short of conviction, but which, it is hoped, has proved a warning to the packers; and the conviction of the Standard Oil Company and its sentence to pay a fine of $29,000,000 or just a little less than three-fourths of its profits for last year. The Bureau of Corporations does not conduct prosecutions, as that branch of work belongs to the Department of Justice, but it makes very thorough investigations and when it discovers violations of the law it reports them to the Department of Justice which is Uncle Sam's firm of lawyers, so to speak.

There is no division of the Government more cordially hated than the Bureau of Corporations. It is hated by the Standard people, by the International Harvester Company, by the Steel Trust, and the Lumber Trust, by the Beef Trust and all other institutions and corporations and the anti-rebate laws. It is so cordially hated that J. P. Morgan's daily paper devotes at least one editorial a week to making fun of the Bureau and the Commissioner and to condemning its work and methods. There are other people in the United States, the great army of consumers, for instance, who love the Bureau for the enemies it has made and they are not likely to take much stock in the editorials and garbled news stories attacking its work. James R. Garfield was the first Commissioner of Corporations, and then Mr. Smith was his assistant. When Mr. Garfield became Secretary of the Interior, after having demonstrated his great ability to the President and to all unprejudiced observers in the former position, the President promoted Mr. Smith to the head of the Bureau because he regarded its work too important to be intrusted to a tyro, and Mr. Smith had shown marked ability under Mr. Garfield. And Herbert Knox Smith has made good, to use the President's own words.

A singular instance of misrepresentation attends the disposal of the New Foundland fisheries question. Practically all the London papers are giving the full credit to Sir Robert Bond, the New Foundland premier, for the decision to send the controversy to the Hague adjudication. The fact is that the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador at London, first suggested the idea of arbitration to Secretary Root when Mr. Reid was in Washington last winter. Secretary Root thought well of the President. Mr. Reid returned to London to endeavor, by every proper method, to bring it about. Diplomacy in London is a peculiar affair, and Mr. Reid employed all the methods known to the most skilled. His entertainments were of the most lavish, his wines of the finest. He entertained the nobility and even royalty and finally he established his position as "such a good fellow" that it was practically impossible for "the powers that be" to refuse his request. Now Sir Robert Bond, who well knows that there is little equity in the contentions of New Foundland, sought by every possible means to prevent the case being tried at the Hague, and Mr. Reid's skillful diplomacy defeated him. Now that Sir Robert has been signally defeated, he is going around saying that he was responsible for the whole thing in a manner which reminds one of a certain once popular picture of a Thomas Cat, who, having been almost annihilated in a fight with a rival, remarks, "Did you see me get the best of him."

When it had been finally agreed to send the controversy to the Hague, it became necessary to complete a modus vivendi to control the taking of fish until the Hague Tribunal shall have rendered its decision, that is an agreement on the points in dispute to cover only the intervening period. Sir Robert insisted that the Americans should not use purse seins, that they should not fish on Sunday, and that they should not employ New Foundlanders as members of their crews. Mr. Reid conceded the first two of these points and Great Britain agreed that the American skippers might employ New Foundlanders, provided they took them on board outside of the three mile limit, which is as far out to sea as New Foundland's authority goes, under the terms of international law. Now Sir Robert is engaged in denouncing the modus and has even threatened that New Foundland will not observe its provisions. The situation is strikingly like that of the San Francisco authorities who threatened to disregard the terms of the treaty between the United States and Japan. However, the San Franciscans were brought around to see the situation from a [illegible] standpoint, and presumably Great Britain will be able to subdue her recalcitrant child.

There is nothing new in the political situation this week. As nearly as things can be judged from here, Secretary Taft's strength is growing daily, and Governor Hughes is slated to be reelected governor of New York. Mr. Bryan seems to be slated for the Democratic nominee, although Lieut. Gov. Chanler's friends are trying hard to cultivate a presidential boom for him. Thus far, the political situation is purely tentative and is liable to change any day, while pending the return of the President this condition is likely to continue. The one thing which seems unchangeable is the President's popularity, and the fact that he can have the nomination by winking an eye and that if he won't take it the people want the man he thinks best fitted to carry out his policies.

Notice.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1907.

First and final account of Elizabeth M. Field, executrix of the last Will and Testament of William L. Field, deceased.

First and final account of W. F. Hastings, guardian of Harvey E. Hannon, late minor child of John F. Hannon, deceased.

First and final account of John G. Gray, guardian of Frederick Kepner, minor child of Helen M. Kepner, deceased.

First and final account of E. D. Martin, administrator of the estate of Merritt E. Childs, deceased.

First and final account of P. J. Blake, administrator of the estate of Gabriel Zeller, Sr., deceased.

First and final account of C. V. Gillis, guardian of Thomas Barnes, late minor child of Thomas E. Barnes, deceased.

First and final account of Virginia S. Johnson, administratrix of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of W. H. Leyman, guardian of Anna M. Wright, late minor child of Eva Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of F. W. Hastings, guardian of Carl F. Grimes, a minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased.

First and final account of S. P. Heasley, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the estate of John W. McCray, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Annie Eurich did, on the 21st of January, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Eurich.

We therefore command you, the said William Eurich, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October 1907, to answer the petition or libel, of Annie Eurich and show cause, if any you have, why the said Annie Eurich your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 19, 1907.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E. RICHMOND, Administratrix.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

Why You Should See Jamestown.

The Jamestown Exposition is no longer a prospect; it has developed into an interesting reality. Its field is distinctly historical, and it liberally illustrates by picture and reproduction the development of American civilization and American institutions from the day of the first settlement on Jamestown peninsula in 1607 through three hundred years to the present time. Famous buildings in the Nation's history have been reproduced by thirty different states, filled with memories of the olden times and of memorials of the upward march.

The National Government has taken a keen interest in the Exposition, and is one of its chief exhibitors. The display of modern warships of all nations on Hampton Roads is a unique and attractive feature, and the military manoeuvers lend a stirring touch to the daily program.

The Jamestown Exposition is a prominent event in our National history and should be visited by every American citizen who desires to see what three hundred years of American enterprise has wrought in our land.

The Pennsylvania Railroad offers attractive service via Philadelphia and its "Cape Charles Route;" by its routes via Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay lines; via Washington and the Potomac River line, and via Washington and Richmond. The rates are reasonable and the fare varies according to the route and length of the stay.

Ask Ticket Agents for rates of fare, stop-over privileges, and time of trains.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee,

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY
IN THE
Grange National Bank of McKean County,
at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By consealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets; in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. WILSON, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also, keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

New Fall Millinery.

First Fall Opening of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings Tuesday, Sept. 17, and continuing all the week.

You will see the very latest styles in Millinery, all the new Fall Coats, Skirts and Novelties.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas	at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50	at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50	at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords	at $2.95
Women's $3.50 "	at $2.65
Women's $3 "	at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving Fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
50c

Palmer House,
35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister,
30c

We Can Please You.

Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

CURE YOUR INDIGESTION

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside. (3)

Chew a **Bowel Bon Bon** every once in a while and escape the disturbing disorders of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dizziness, Indigestion and Constipation.

HUN-E-LAX, the little Bee-hive-shaped **Bowel Bon Bon** contains the substance that will keep you in perfect health.

Try a box today. Take no other.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.
Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

An Array of Attractive Offerings

During the past few weeks case after case of new goods have been unpacked, marked and placed on our shelves ready for your approval.

The result is that we have a store full of the most attractive merchandise in our history.

We want you to immediately get acquainted with the latest ideas for the coming season.

Coat and Suit Department

Are showing the latest designs in suits for fall and the new fall coats are ready for your approval. See them early and see the line complete.

To start them early we offer these:

Six regular $10 coats, all black, at $7.50
Nine regular $15 coats, black or colors, at 12.50
Also special suit, a good value at $20.00, a limited number at 16.50
Twelve $7.50 skirts at 5.25

New Tailored Waists

The famous "Royal Waist." The new styles are here.

Shoe Department

Showing special line of Dorris fall and winter shapes, all leathers, at $3.50
"Clarice," the popular $3.00 welt shoes for ladies, in patent kid and gun metal finished leathers, button or lace, always correct $3.00
Queen Quality Shoes, you know them .... $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

BOYS' SHOES—Franklin and Groton lines. Can't be equalled for school shoes.

Misses' and children's shoes in the winter leathers from 75c to $2.50.

The notion counters are filled with good values in new novelties.

HANDKERCHIEFS—A special close out line of Ladies' Hdfs., extra value at 15c straight, going now at 12½c
Children's school hdfs, good ones at .... 3c and 5c
"Bear Skin" hosiery, best made for 15c

MAISH COMFORTS and MAISH LAMMATED COTTON

Comforts, all colors, from $1.65 to $4.00 each.

Maish Laminated Cotton	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4 rolls
At	60c	90c	$1.40 per roll

Maish Cotton Sofa Pillows	17 in.	20 in.	22 in.	24 in.
	35c	45c	55c	65c

If the best pleases you, we have it.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

At our Booth at the Fair.

Do not miss this opportunity to learn how to secure a new hardwood floor for $2.50.

Any old floor, oil cloth or linoleum made to look like new hardwood. Any color, any style of grain. Lessons given free by special instructor.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 19, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Been to the Fair?

—You can't afford to miss it.

—We issue early this week on account of the Fair.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett, who has been ill at the home of her parents, is much better.

—H. H. Redfield has had a new stone walk laid in front of his residence on West Main street.

—E. W. Jones, who was reported last week to be suffering with typhoid fever, is able to be about.

—The MINER office will be closed Thursday and Friday afternoon on account of the fair and races.

—Secure your seats at Wells' Drug Store for "Othello" next Monday night. Tickets 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

—Forty tickets were sold here last Sunday on the P., S. & N. for the excursion to Stony Brook Glenn.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will have a supper at the chapel on Monday evening, Sept. 23rd, at 5:30 to continue until all are served. The price of the supper is 25c.

—The Brownell store, occupied by Andrews & Scull, is being lowered and is undergoing other improvements.

—Alfred Sturdvient has moved his fruit store from the annex to the Brownell Store to one door east of T. J. Young's restaurant.

—Services at St. Luke's Church next Sunday at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services and Sunday School at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—At Olean last Friday in the 2:14 pace, the sulkey drawn by Megaphone collided with another, throwing out the driver, Brewster. The horse paced two miles and a half without a break before he was caught.

—The postoffice at Bellrun, McKean county, will be discontinued after September 30, owing to the resignation of the postmaster. Mail will be delivered to the residents of that community from Ceres, N. Y.

—Three hundred dollars belonging to the Galeton National Protective Legion was stolen from the Galeton Democrat safe by burglars recently. Editor Brotherton of the Democrat is the treasurer of the N. P. L.

—We are indebted to Editor Tom Rogers of the Punxsutawney Republican for an invitation to the annual meet of the Groundhog Club, which we regret to say we cannot accept owing to its conflicting with our dates at the fair and races.

—Nearly all stores and business places have been closed in the afternoons this week on account of the fair and races.

—"Othello," with Mr. Edwin Burke in the leading role, will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday night. The company is spoken of as a first-class one and we look for an excellent production and a crowded house.

—Joseph C. Wick, a highly respected citizen of Bradford and well known throughout McKean county, died at his home in that city last Friday afternoon after a brief illness following a stroke of apoplexy. He is survived by a wife and two sons.

—William J. Nourse, who has been a clerk at Wells' Drug Store for several months past, has purchased Percy Brown's drug store at Mt. Jewett and took possession on Monday last. Mr. Nourse made many friends while here and he and his bride have the best wishes of all who knew them.

—According to a recent ruling of the Postoffice Department we may now use both sides of the post card, being allowed the left hand portion of the face of the card for the message. This greatly improves the appearance of the souvenir cards since it leaves pictures free from writing on blank margins.

—According to several of our exchanges there are 250 people in Austin, Potter county, who are slaves of the cocaine habit. It is said that many of the victims are young people and that many of them are wrecks. One druggist and his alleged agent have been arrested for selling the drug and the case is creating considerable excitement.

—On Thursday last at Olean, Dr. W. W. Rinn, our well known dentist was united in marriage to Miss Kate Racher, a Port Allegany lady who has ever been popular with all her friends and acquaintances. The newly wedded pair were not long in returning to their pleasant home on Broad street, where they are being congratulated by a multitude of friends.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Married, on Wednesday, Sept. 18, at noon, at the residence of Mrs. Washburne, Coryville, by the Rev. J. H. McCandless, Miss Emma Price to Mr. Elmer H. Kennedy both of Pittsburg, Pa. A large company attended the wedding. Elegant refreshments were served. Many hearty congratulations were given the happy couple by the large party of their sincere friends present.

—The county Commissioners have been instructed by the State Anatomical Board not to ship any more bodies to Philadelphia. This is certainly good news, and will probably put an end to the inhuman practice of shipping the unfortunate victims that die in the county home, and whose friends refuse or neglect to care for the bodies, to a place for medical students to cut up.—Austin Autograph.

—According to a belated bulletin from Sawyer City, Pete Layton of that place was shot in one foot by Postmaster C. A. Buchanan. It is said that the shooting followed an effort on the part of the postmaster to keep the victim away from his place of business. No arrests had been made last night. Postmaster Buchanan claims that he fired the shot with the intention of having it strike the floor, but the bullet glanced and entered Layton's foot, says Fridays' Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 14, 1907:

M. Altlas, Edward Bates, Miss Helen E. Burgtold, Otis Balcom, Coudersport Foundry Co., Warren Pollum, James Salsgiver.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc. A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpatation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strenghen these these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this sample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

D. K. Seltzer, Veterinary Surgeon, of Wellsville, N. Y., will be here during the McKean County Fair and will treat horses that need his services. Inquire at Jones' Livery.

The Ladies Home Journal Patterns retain the style and smartness of the designs; give perfect fit; and are so simple that everyone can use them. Sold by Fry & Comes.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Personal Mention.

W. H. Morrison was a Kane visitor last week.

J. B. Eastman visited Kane the latter part of last week.

Con Mulvihill of Johnsonburg is visiting friends in town.

Miss Hazel Drake of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford spent Sunday at Bennetts, N. Y.

Harry Rubin left on Tuesday for a visit to Rochester friends.

Dennis Quinlisk of Lindsay is in town this week on an old home visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Burdick visited relatives in Friendship Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Patterson of Bradford spent Sunday in town.

Jacob Hafner of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Louis Dickenson of Punxsutawney is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mart Backus of Oneonta, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

W. F. Jones of Newtown Mills is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Wade Burdick.

MacArthur Gorton has returned to Bucknell University to resume his studies.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle attended the funeral of Mrs. F. Sisley at Bradford last Friday.

Miss Bertha Edingsfelt returned last Saturday from a visit to friends in Newark, N. Y.

Maurice Hanley of Pittsburg, a former Smethport boy, is greeting friends in town this week.

Harry Corwin left Monday for Cleveland where he attends Case School of Applied Sciences.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whittier and son of Manhattan, Pa., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Susse.

Miss Pansey Hutchins of Olean and Miss Anna McAleo of Johnsonburg are visiting Miss Edith McGuire.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman White, who have been visiting friends in town, returned to their home in Bradford Friday.

W. V. Provin of Olean is spending the week in town, renewing old acquaintances and taking in the fair and races.

Mr. and Mrs. John McConaghy and son, Paul, of Coudersport, and Mrs. John Root of Hart, Mich., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Wendall over Sunday.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflammation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick's Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, [illegible].

For Sale.

1 Wooden bed, springs and mattress, 1 couch, 1 ice box, Detroit Jewell cook stove. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Knapp.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 23.

MR. JAMES CORTE
presents
Mr. Edwin Burke,
and a Company of distinguished players in Shakespeare's Famous Play

"OTHELLO"

Prominent among the players are: Julian Richmond, Miss Sadie Williams, Bennett Kilpack, Miss Dorothy Quincy, Mr. Mack and others of equal prominence. Scenery, Costumes and Light Effects Superb.

PRICES:
25, 35, 50 and 75 cts.
at Wells' Drug Store.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

If You want a Fall Suit That Will be Admired by everyone for its SMART STYLE, beautiful tailoring and GOOD FIT—a Suit that will please you in every detail—here it is, our

Pelham Sack Suit
at $12 to $20.

Many other fall Suits, in Tweeds, Worsteds and Cheviots are here—come and see them.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns
Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

New Tailored Skirts

Fall style of "Quality Make" Skirts are ready for you to-day. "Quality" skirts are made for women who appreciate fine workmanship. They come from a shop where none but the most expert tailors find employment and where the designers are leaders in their profession.

In the "Quality Skirts" values play an important part—worth is not sacrificed in an effort to produce style. There is more real service in a "Quality" Skirt than in most other makes. All the favored cloths, $3.75 to $16.50.

Dress Goods

The fabrics that will be most in evidence this fall and winter are in this store, crisp and new. Better make your selections now and get your work in the dressmaker's hands—you know it will be next to impossible to get your sewing done this season if you wait another month or until you really need it. Per yard 25c to $1.50.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate "RUBEROID" in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent. and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

We are Local Dealers for the Renowned

REMTICO
TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Manufactured by the
Remington Typewriter Company
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Remtico Paragon Ribbons—in all colors and for all makes of typewriters.

Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons—of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Brasted's WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

BOGNER'S LESSON.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Up ahead a twinkling lantern swung from the running gear of the "governor's" light buggy, and led out the way. At the crossroads the light turned sharply to the left, and Ben Bogner skillfully threw his four horse team around the corner, and the pole wagon rattled and bumped along the new pike. Like the children of Israel, Quinlard Bros.' colossal circus and mastodon menagerie followed a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. In the nighttime the swinging lantern was the pilot, and in the daylight the smoke from Gil Quinlard's [illegible] served a similar purpose.

The new road had recently been repaired by the simple process of shoveling the sides into the middle and letting the passing wagons pack it to a level. The wagon [illegible] lurched from side to side, and Ben stopped humming "[illegible]" and began to [illegible] but fervently the road supervisors of Bashford township.

The other wagons [illegible] in close order, forced even steps for the lighter loading [illegible] of the plodding, and presently from the rear of the carryall a woman slipped out and ran ahead to where Bogner was still explaining to himself the tortures he would like to inflict upon the men who had mussed up the road.

"Give me a hand, Ben," she called. Bogner, without pulling up, leaned over and held out his hand. The girl grasped it at the wrist, while his fingers closed about her slender arm.

"Up!" She gave a spring and swung into place beside him on the broad seat. "This is the worst this season," she said, with a laugh, as she looked over the road, now gleaming as red as the eastern sky. "None of us could sleep in the wagon, so I slipped out to ride with you."

"Why didn't you go to Tony?" he asked ungraciously. "You'll have that dago knifing me yet."

"Pshaw!" she demurred, with an admiring glance at the huge muscles that showed under the gauze shirt. "You could break Tony in two."

"Maybe," he assented as he glanced over his shoulder to where Tony [illegible], their trapezist and wire walker, drove the first seat wagon. Every one worked with the Quinlard show. Bogner was the principal rider and did the heavy juggling, to say nothing of a magical act in the concert. Bessie Seebach also did a riding act, and worked with Tony in the double trapeze, besides doing a musical act for the concert. In addition the men had to help raise the tent and drive the wagons on the jumps, while the women performers cooked.

Though he was pleased at the preference Bessie showed for him, Bogner was none the less uneasy. He had no intention of marrying, and he knew that Tony worshiped the ground the girl walked on, but Bessie preferred Ben and was not backward in displaying her choice.

She clung to his arm now as they bumped over the rough road and drank deep fresh morning air. "Isn't it splendid?" she asked as she looked across the green fields to where the red flush of the sky was slowly turning to gold.

"Pretty fair," assented Ben. Down in his heart he loved the long, quiet nights and the slow coming dawn. It was one of the things that held him to a wagon show when he could have traveled with a railroad organization, with a sleeper berth instead of the wagon seat. "Looks like it's going to be a good day."

"Some day I want to come to a place like this and live," she said, with a sigh. "I want to have a nice little farm, with chickens and a horse and all that sort of thing."

"And you'd eat your heart out with lonesomeness," he concluded.

"You're always spoiling things," she said as she drew away as far as the seat would permit. "I never saw a man like you."

"Go to Tony," he urged. "He's got the gift of gab. He can talk as foolish as you can."

"He talks only about himself," she said, with a shrug of the shoulders. Bogner grinned. He knew very well that she would not go. "I wish you had his appreciation of things."

Bogner laughed his slow laugh and handed her his pipe to fill. "I guess one poet is enough with a one ring circus," he said slowly. "Tony's death on poetry."

He struck a match and held it over the bowl, puffing until the white clouds surrounded his head as with a halo. "All the same," he went on, "Tony's a pretty decent chap, and he's dead gone on you. I ain't ever goin' to get married."

"I'm not coaxing you to," she said, with a toss of her head. "I guess I can get along without either you or Tony."

"You don't seem to be able to get along without me," he said, with a chuckle.

The girl glanced at his face for a moment, and then, without a word, she leaped to the ground, and when the carryall came past slipped back into that vehicle, disdaining the invitation shouted at her by Tony.

Bogner tried to convince himself that he was glad that she was gone, but somehow the bright dawn grew very gray to him, and he puffed moodily at his pipe. He did not love Bessie. That sort of thing was foolishness, but he did enjoy her companionship in the early morning, and as the days went by and she came no more he grew morose and dispirited.

Even then he could not diagnose his trouble and dosed himself with a patent nostrum in the belief that his liver was out of order. Bessie was coldly polite when they met at the table or passed each other going in or out of the ring, but that was all. There were no more little chats while the sun climbed up from its bed of night.

The awakening came ten days later. It was Sunday, and after reaching the new show lot and getting the tent up there was nothing to be done but look after the stock until the morrow. Some of the men had gone out to look at the town, but most of them were lying in the grass on the shady side of the tent watching the boats slip past in the canal, on the bank of which they were pitched. Bogner felt thirsty and went into the dressing tent to get a drink of water. He was standing beside the pail when he chanced to look through on the other side.

Bessie was coming back from [illegible], and a couple of the town boys were following her in an effort to attract her attention. As she reached the lot one of them stepped forward and caught her about the waist. There were a dozen others sitting by the fence watching the circus people, but they made no effort to help Bessie, and Bogner went bounding forward. Just as he came up the masher succeeded in stealing a kiss, but the next moment he measured his length upon the ground and Bogner stood over him waiting for him to rise.

The other men sprang forward to their townsman's assistance and fell upon Bogner, bearing him to his knees, but not before he had raised the old cry of "Hey, Rube!" and others of the circus crew had come running around the corner of the tent.

Ten minutes later a dozen badly thrashed youths were stealing from the lot mouthing loud threats of vengeance, and Ben was kneeling beside Bessie, who had fainted in the excitement.

A dash of water brought her around, and she smiled up into the white face bending over her own.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "I was just scared, not hurt."

"I'm hurt," he answered back. "I'm hurt in the heart, Bess. I didn't know it until that young fool tried to kiss you, but then I was wise that I loved you. Can you ever forgive me for being such a brute, dear? You were all so much a part of my life that I didn't know I loved you. Will you forgive me, dear? Will you always ride with me through life?"

"After the way you treated me I don't see how you can expect me to say yes," she said faintly.

"I don't," he admitted, with despair.

"But I'm going to," she added as Bogner turned away. "I think you've had your lesson."

"I guess I have," he declared fervently. "I won't need to have it rubbed in either."

No "Shop Talk" There.

"There is one noticeable difference between a lot of divinity students and a group of college men interested in heathen culture," said the gray headed man. "The divinity students seldom talk shop. If you meet three or four men all of whom happen to be studying engineering or law or medicine, the conversation is likely to smack so strongly of the lecture hall that a layman can scarcely follow the drift of the talk. But with divinity students it is different. Very frequently I am brought into contact with small groups of young fellows who are preparing for the ministry, and I find that only on rare occasions do they bore outsiders by lugging in class room topics. This doesn't mean that they are not interested in their profession or that they are ashamed to uphold their faith at all times; neither does it necessarily imply greater consideration for the uninitiated public. In fact, I am unable to explain their professional reserve on any grounds; but, whatever the cause, it is a most refreshing reticence."—New York Press.

An Island of Flowers.

The Scilly islands may very justly be termed flower islands, for a large part of their surface is given up to the cultivation of flowers, and the great majority of their people spend their lives in attending to the plants, from which all the wealth of the islands is drawn. The inhabitants have had other occupations before they settled down to flower growing. At one time they were wreckers, and at a later period they went into a more legitimate business and devoted themselves to the raising of early potatoes. There was money to be made out of them, and the islands prospered until prosperity bore its usual fruit in the shape of competition. The channel islanders took to growing potatoes, and the potato trade of the Scilly islands was killed. Thereupon the islanders betook themselves to flower growing, giving the greater part of their attention to the narcissi. In St. Mary's alone nearly a quarter of the cultivated area of the island is devoted to flowers.

Too Big a Contract.

The wife of a prominent judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now, the judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at some 300 pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I'se gwine ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"Why, what is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents, I sho' do."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A TERRIBLE BIG TROUT.

He Was Cunning and a Hard Case, Too, Was This Fish.

We were camping in northern Wisconsin, and one evening after our supper of black bass and bacon we lay under the pine trees smoking and telling fish stories in which it was always the "bigger bass" that got away. The guide listened with the gravity of a man who knew all about fish stories, and finally he knocked the ashes from his pipe and told us a story.

"Once long ago," he said, "there was a terribly big trout up in Smith's pool. Every fellow who fished in the pool had hooked him one time or another, but he always got away, bit off the snood or something.

"I tried to catch him myself a dozen times. One day I was sitting by the pool when, splash, a young robin fluttered out of the nest on a limb above the pool into the water below. In a minute there was a rush, a gleam of yellow, and the old trout had thrown himself clear out of the water and had swallowed the young robin whole.

"What did I do? Well, I climbed that tree in short order, got another one of those young robins, baited my hook with it and threw it in just as lightly as I could. In a minute there was another rush, another gleam of yellow, and again the old trout jumped clear out of the water as he swallowed the robin, and in a minute more I had him hooked.

"It was lucky I wasn't fishing with any of this newfangled rigging these boys use and that I wasn't bothered with a reel to look after, or I would have lost him sure. As it was it took me a devil of a time to get him out.

"Good to eat? Great Scott! We didn't try to eat him. He was so full of hooks we sold him for old iron, you know."

That ended our fish stories for that night.—J. J. A. in Chicago Tribune.

PRIMITIVE ANCHORS.

Stones and Wooden Tubes Filled With Lead First Used.

There appear to be two ideas which have led up to the invention of the modern anchor—first, that of attaching the vessel by means of a rope or chain to a weight sufficiently heavy to keep the vessel from moving when the weight has sunk to the bottom of the sea, and, second, that of using a hook instead of or in addition to the weight, so as to catch in the bottom. The English word anchor is practically the same as the Latin ancora and the Greek angkura, meaning "that which has an angle," from the root ank, bent.

The earliest anchors, made on the hook principle, probably only had one fluke instead of two. In the "Sussex Archaeol. Coll." there is an illustration of what has been surmised to be an anchor made out of the natural forked branch of a tree. It was found with an ancient British canoe at Burpham, Sussex. There is in the British museum an interesting leaden anchor with two flukes bearing a Greek inscription. Its date is about 50 B.C., and it was found off the coast of Cyrene.

The invention of the anchor with two flukes is attributed by Pausanias to Midas, by Pliny to Eupalamus and by Strabo to Anacharsis. Diodorus Siculus states that the first anchors were wooden tubes filled with lead, while another classical writer says that before the introduction of metal anchors lumps of stone with a hole through the middle for the attachment of the cable were used.

The form of the anchors used by the Greeks and Romans is well known from representations on Trajan's column and in the catacombs at Rome as an early Christian symbol. This form does not seem to have changed materially for quite a thousand years, as is shown by the Bayeux tapestry.

The Girls Were Still One Ahead.

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school and made to work some difficult problems as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A.'s name was called, she rose and, looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated, "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B.'s quotation was, "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Respect at Last.

"Briefleigh is, I think, one of the greatest lawyers in this state."

"Why, I heard you say once that you didn't consider him any good."

"Oh, that was years ago. He used to give me pointers on legal matters without charging me anything because we happened to have offices adjoining each other. Recently he has been charging me a stiff price every time I have gone to him for advice."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Long Winded.

"It takes you a pretty long while to shave yourself, doesn't it?"

"Not so very long. I can shave myself quicker than my old barber could."

"I don't believe it."

"It's a fact. You see, he stammers terribly."—Philadelphia Press.

Studying how to help and benefit others will build up your own fortune.—Baltimore American.

It is what you are not looking for that gives the spice of variety to life.—Detroit News.

MELONS IN STORAGE.

How a Rural Justice Decided a Suit Between Neighbors.

Problems worthy of Solomon's acumen are often submitted to these rural arbitrators, justices of the peace. In the Macon county (Mo.) archives is a case of this sort:

Timothy Kain, a farmer of Easley township, set out some watermelon vines which grew so luxuriously that they trespassed upon the field of his neighbor, Felix Hopper. When gathering time came Kain's attempt to harvest his runaway product was rebuked by Hopper and his shotgun. The controversy got into court, and Squire William Easley, for whom the township was named, was asked to decide the ownership of ten watermelons worth 15 cents apiece. The lawyers for Kain read books to show that his rights of property followed the vines clear into the next county should they travel so far. Hopper's lawyers produced equally sound reading to prove that Hopper was entitled by law to anything that camped on his premises. It wasn't Hopper's fault, they said, if the vines wanted to spread out and go visiting. He had the same right to them that he would have to a colony of honeybees that might get tired of being with Kain and concluded to move over and make honey for Hopper.

Squire Easley let the lawyers spout until they had read through all their books; then he arose to his six feet and said:

"Mitchell has read books that make it absolutely certain them melons belong to Kain. I hadn't any doubt in the world about that till Guthrie here got up and turned Mitchell's law bottom side up. There's no question but what there's enough law in the books for both Kain and Hopper, and that ought to make 'em happy. The court decides under the circumstances that with the law deciding both ways there's nothing to do but to hand out justice as he sees it. The judgment of the court is that those are Kain's melons—"

"Thank you, your honor," said Mitchell, arising and bowing.

"—but that he's indebted to Hopper 20 cents apiece for storage," finished the justice.

"But, your honor," said Mitchell indignantly, "you can't do that. They haven't filed any claim for storage. Besides, you're allowing them more for their melons than they're worth on the market."

"The court will take judicial notice of the defendant's rights, offset or no," said Squire Easley, with some asperity. "And your own evidence shows Hopper was diligently guarding Kain's property for him. That's worth something."

"Guarding it?"

"Yes. Kain himself testified Hopper was there with a shotgun when he climbed over the fence."—Kansas City Star.

Professor Matched the Boss.

Boston and Cambridge people of an earlier day remember well Professor Child of Harvard, a scholar who was likewise a live man. They tell with great gusto a story about his faithful attention to city politics. Professor Child always attended to his duties as a citizen of Cambridge. One night he went to a ward meeting at which a boss began to put forth some of his warped ideas. The college professor was speedily on his feet and scathingly denounced the boss and his methods. After the meeting was over the good natured boss, just to show that he bore no ill will, met the scholar on the stairs and, genially handing over a cigar, said, "Have a smoke, professor?" His antagonist straightened up, took the cigar and said with great dignity, "Yes, I'll match you in any of your lesser vices!"—Boston Herald.

Didn't Get a Patent.

Among the strange applications which reach the patent office one filed some years ago was most extraordinary, it being a petition for a patent for an ant guard which consisted in merely drawing a chalk mark around a table or other place by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. It seems that chalk makes an ant's legs slip as soaping a track prevents a railway engine from starting. The petition was novel and caused considerable amusement. The application, however, was refused on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention, that chalk had been used for such purposes before and that such ideas were not patentable.

Climbing 199 Steps to Church.

The only way of reaching the old parish church at Whitby, in Yorkshire, from the town is by means of 199 stone steps—probably as curious an approach to a place of worship as any in the kingdom. The church stands on the east cliff some 200 feet above the sea level, and to watch the crowd of worshipers before and after service threading its way up and down the winding stairway is a sight to be remembered.—London Strand.

Forgetful.

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?"

Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers.

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it too. Hanged if I can remember."—Everybody's.

Mechanically.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor. Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—Exchange.

The fault is always as great as he that commits it.—French Proverb.

THE SHIP'S RUDDER.

Difference In the Strain That Comes Upon Its Two Parts.

The rudder of a wooden ship is composed of the stalk and the backing, which are so joined together as to form, in effect, a single piece. The complete rudder is coppered to protect it from worms, and then, besides being practically all in one piece, it has that appearance also.

The stalk is the part to which are attached the pintles, or pivots, by which the rudder is suspended and held in place, those going through eyes set in the ship's sternpost. The stalk runs up through the stern of the ship, and to its head is bolted a cap to which are attached the ropes by means of which the rudder is controlled. The backing is the blade part of the rudder.

By far the greater strain comes on the stalk, and the greatest strain of all comes on the head of the stalk, the rudder head, where it's held. The stalk is made of the wood most likely to stand the strain, carefully selected, sound, well seasoned oak, while the backing is made of spruce or hard pine. The stalk is of a single, solid, massive piece, stout as an oak tree and, indeed, of the dimensions of a small oak, something that a man can pin his faith to, if he can have faith in any wood, while the backing or blade is, like many modern wooden masts, built up. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find trees that would yield planks big enough for the purpose in a single piece, and the built up backing, made of pieces of selected wood, can easily be made of ample strength to withstand any strain that will be brought upon it.

As to the stalk, stout and solid as the oak may be, the head may be twisted by the force of a tremendous blow from a wave upon the rudder, or, under the repeated strains of long use, the head may split and so make the stalk useless. Then the rudder is taken out and fitted with a new stalk. A suitable stick is selected and worked down to the proper size and form, and very probably the old backing is attached to it. The life of a rudder stalk would probably be twelve to fourteen years. The backing might last as long as the ship.—New York Sun.

A HERO OF THE BUSH.

The Daring and Devotion of a Brave Maori Youth.

Courage is not an attribute peculiar to the white man, nor is self sacrifice the prerogative of civilization. In Mr. J. C. Firth's "Nation Making" is told a story as touching in its brave devotion as any tale of the Victoria cross. The incident occurred at Orakau, where the English soldiers had just defeated the Maoris. A little party of colonial troops, pursuing fugitives, came upon three natives, two old men and one young fellow.

The youth, seeing the soldiers, dropped on one knee and aimed with his gun at the advancing party, which halted a moment, while the old men ran toward the forest. The old men had thrown away their firearms in order to make escape easier.

The soldiers fired at the youth, but missed. Without discharging his gun he sprang to his feet and ran on in advance until he caught up with the old men once more. Then, facing about, he presented his gun as before, but reserved his fire.

The weary old men gradually drew near cover. Once more the soldiers fired and missed; once more the gallant fellow turned and bounded on. The old men were close to the forest when the youth, nearly fainting, again knelt and took aim, but still did not fire.

The soldiers shot him as he knelt and rushed to the forest, but failed to capture the two fugitives, who, safe in the dense underbrush, made their escape.

On their return the soldiers found the brave young fellow lying dead. His gun was empty; it had not been loaded at all. With it he had covered the retreat of the old men and secured their freedom by the loss of his own life. No more gallant deed of heroic devotion was ever accomplished in any land.

Dreams of the Healthy.

There has been much discussion as to whether one dreams only on falling to sleep and during the act of waking up, or whether dreams take place at any time during sleep. While not definitely determined as yet, the evidence seems to be rather in favor of the view that one may dream at any time during the night or the whole night through. Dreaming is common to perfectly healthy persons, and in itself is no evidence of disorder.—Harper's Magazine.

Mount McKinley.

In mountain climbing the world over the climber usually arrives fresh and unfatigued at the base of the peak he wishes to storm and, as a rule, begins his ascent at a high altitude. On Mount McKinley, as described by a writer in Outing, it is the opposite. There are twenty-five miles of rugged foothills and glaciers to be crossed—with heavy packs—before the base of the mountain is reached, and then the climber is confronted by 18,000 feet of rock and ice.

Worse Still.

"A visitor to see you, sir."

"I'll bet he wants some favor," grumbled Senator Greathead.

"It's a lady, sir."

"Ah! That means half a dozen favors."—Philadelphia Press.

Foreign Born.

English Girl—I hear you've been visiting the States. What did you think of the native American? Englishman—I didn't meet any. I spent all my time in New York.—Harper's Weekly.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zan Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Auditor General—[illegible] K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. T. [illegible], East Smethport.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—[illegible], Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. M. Stone.
Council—J. E. Rooney, president; W. H. Hand, [illegible]
Justices—[illegible]
Constable—[illegible]
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—[illegible] Young, president; F. [illegible], treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—[illegible]
Assessor—W. H. Hyde.
Auditors—A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
C. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 237, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible], Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
[illegible] BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18[illegible], meets [illegible] evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. C. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. [illegible], R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH [illegible], Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 335 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Cupid Tries His Wings.

By Jeannette Wilson.

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In the bachelor apartment on the top floor of the Riverview court Paul Laurison paced restlessly up and down. Occasionally he stopped to look out at the spring landscape and sighed.

"You'll be all right now, my boy," was the doctor's parting shot. "Just take plenty of fresh air. Get up on the roof as often as you can."

"Confound the roof!" muttered Paul, but he took his overcoat and went up.

In the apartment below [illegible], her eyes red with weeping, Sylvia Randall was washing out a lingerie waist.

"It's mean of Sarah not to come today," she complained, regarding her shriveled fingers ruefully. "She knew I had to have this waist done up, and now I've got to go up on the roof myself and hang the thing out to dry."

But before she went up Sylvia stopped to obliterate the effect of tears and to throw a scarf jauntily over her head.

"I might meet some one," she explained, with a demure little smile at her reflection in the mirror.

A strong wind whistling over the housetops snatched the waist from Sylvia's hands just as she was pinning it to the line and would have carried it over the edge of the roof had not help come unexpectedly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, so much," exclaimed Sylvia. Then, noticing how good looking her benefactor was, she stopped in confusion.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," answered Paul, lifting his hat and resuming his constitutional.

"It's—it's my own waist, you see," stammered Sylvia.

Paul turned.

"Is it, indeed?" he replied. "Then I'm doubly glad I rescued it."

"I mean I laundered it for myself. I don't go out. Sarah didn't come. I didn't think there'd be any one up here."

At this Paul burst into a laugh that even Sylvia in her embarrassment found contagious.

"I see," he said. "The queen was in the garden, hanging out the clothes."

Sylvia assumed an injured look.

"You know that isn't right," she corrected. "It was the maid who was in the garden."

"Indeed, was it?" asked Paul. "I never was much good at poetry. I always thought it was the queen, but I'm delighted to find it's really both."

Without another word Sylvia vanished, leaving Paul transfixed with astonishment.

"How deliciously naive and childlike she is!" he chuckled as he sought a sunny corner in which to stretch his lazy length. Having found one, he smoked a cigarette or two and then fell to scribbling.

What he scribbled remained for Sylvia to discover. This she did the very next morning, for Sarah, the faithless, was still conspicuous by her absence, and there remained a handful of fluffy trifles that had to be laundered. Sylvia went at the task with commendable resignation. The drying stage reached, with careless indifference to appearances she ran up to the roof bareheaded and bare armed. As no one was in sight this time to rescue articles vagrantly disposed, each piece was pinned to the line with a firmness that defied whirlwinds.

This accomplished, a scrap of paper flapping in the side of the chimney attracted Sylvia's attention. She pulled it out from between the bricks and read the following:

The man was on the housetop
  Seeking recreation,
When suddenly the wind changed,
  Bringing variation.

The queen was in the rooftree
  Hanging out her gown.
Along came a brisk breeze
  And blew the thing down.

With a sniff, Sylvia tucked the paper into her belt. Then she picked up one of the little stones with which the roof was covered and tried to mark with it, but without success. A small sharp pointed stick proved equally futile. Suddenly in a corner she found a burned match. Triumphantly she scratched a word across the rhymes and then put them back in the chimney.

Here, an hour or two later, Paul found them. So the queen had not come into the garden again, he argued. It was just as well perhaps. He was about to tear up the nonsense when Sylvia's scrawling letters caught his eye.

"Silly," he spelled, and shouted with amusement.

Then he pocketed the missive, so oddly transformed from the ridiculous to the sublime, and sought his favorite corner. There was no sun shining on it today, and the wind was bleak, but he turned up his coat collar and settled down to a smoke and more scribblings. The latter he soon read aloud:

One bright and sunny morning,
  When windy was the weather,
I chanced to meet a young maid,
  Sweet as Scottish heather.

I began to compliment.
  And she began to cry:
"How-do-you-do and how-do-you-do,
  And why do you say goodby?"

After applauding his own performance Paul got up to deposit the effusion in the friendly chimney crevice. A miniature wash, however, dangling near by suggested other possibilities. Closer inspection revealed a tiny monogram embroidered in the corner of a cobwebby handkerchief. There were undoubtedly other girls in the house—girls who might have monogram handkerchiefs, but Paul decided to take the risk. Accordingly he inscribed his rhymes "To S. M." and that he might not be accused of unfairness signed his own initials. He then fastened the jingle with a clothespin to the top of a lace collar. The monogram handkerchief he appropriated.

Later in the afternoon a shower developed unexpectedly, and Sylvia rushed up to the roof. There was no stopping between drops to read nonsense rhymes, so she gathered them in with her washing and hurried downstairs.

"Sillier," was her only comment when she read them in the privacy of her room. Then, the loss of her handkerchief dawning suddenly upon her, she pronounced "P. L." not only a bold, bad poet, but a sneak thief, and for days shunned the roof religiously.

Finally, however, curiosity got the better of her, and she ventured to go up just once more and see what would happen. The prospect wasn't promising. The only person in sight was a trained nurse hanging out blankets.

"I hope no one is very ill," remarked Sylvia.

"Well, he's pretty sick," replied the nurse. "He took cold staying up here on the roof too long after getting over the grip. We're fearful of pneumonia."

Sylvia's heart thumped violently.

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically. "Is he delirious?"

The nurse looked at her curiously. "No, not exactly. He talks in his sleep sometimes. Are you a friend of Mr. Laurison's?"

"I—I know him slightly," stammered Sylvia. Then, after a moment, she added timidly, "Is Mr. Laurison conscious?"

"Oh, yes, he's conscious."

"Then please give him this," begged Sylvia, extracting a little crumpled paper from a mysterious hiding place. "Don't let him read it till he's better. He'll know who sent it." Then Sylvia made one of her characteristically dramatic exits.

The days that followed stretched solemnly on into weeks. Occasionally Sylvia inquired of the elevator boy how Mr. Laurison was getting on. It seemed an eternity before his lugubrious "About the same, miss," changed to the cheerful "They say he's much better, miss."

No more counselings now with Dame Grundy as to the propriety of trips to the roof. Sylvia went every day—twice a day. She knew that some time she would find him there. When at length she did she almost ran to him for joy, but remembered suddenly that they had met only once before. So she called to him from the distance:

"How do you do, Mr. Laurison?"

Paul started up in his steamer chair and gazed at her in glad surprise.

"Why, how do you do, again?" he [illegible]. "Won't you come over and shake hands?"

[illegible] and extended her little hand.

"[illegible] this is Miss S. R. I have [illegible]," said Paul [illegible].

"Yes, Sylvia Randall," she answered.

"I like the queen's name," Paul commented, "and wish I could ask her to stay awhile, but I have no throne to offer her."

Without further ceremony Sylvia sat down on the roof and declared herself comfortable.

"I want to thank you, Miss Sylvia," began Paul slowly, "for your message while I was ill. It did me a world of good."

Sylvia looked up at him to see if he was making fun of her, but Paul lay back against the cushions, his eyes apparently closed. From beneath those closed lids, however, he was reveling in the glory of Sylvia's hair and in the color that came and went in her cheeks.

"I wrote it," explained Sylvia humbly, "before I knew you were ill and before I found out that you are a real author."

"And how did you discover that?" inquired Paul.

"In a magazine," answered Sylvia tersely. "It was a good story—much better than your rhymes."

"Well, you see, writing poetry isn't exactly in my line," said Paul, laughing. "I never did it till I met you. But I like it just the same. My two favorite lines are these:

"P. L. was a poet; P. L. was a thief;
P. L. came to my house and stole a hand-
  kerchief."

Sylvia hung her head, whether from modesty or amusement Paul couldn't tell.

"The paper they were written on was suspiciously watermarked," he observed. "You didn't really cry, did you?"

"Rain wets things," answered Sylvia laconically. "Besides, what good would it have done to cry? You had my handkerchief."

After this auspicious beginning the chimney postoffice was a wonderfully busy institution, and the old roof woke up all of a sudden to its many romantic possibilities.

"It's truly a garden, isn't it?" whispered Sylvia one night, stealing about in the moonlight with Paul beside her.

"The queen's garden," answered Paul, and Sylvia didn't dispute him.

Then after a minute of silence he added: "Hark! I hear some one trying to get over the garden wall."

"Oh, dear! By the fire escape?" gasped Sylvia.

Paul shook his head.

"Listen!" he urged. "You can hear his wings."

"Oh," laughed Sylvia shyly, "I know now!"

"Shall we help him over?" asked Paul, drawing Sylvia gently to him.

"He doesn't seem to need much help," murmured Sylvia so softly that Paul could hardly hear the words.

THE ZOO BY NIGHT.

Gleaming Eyes In the Blackness Give a Flavor of the Wilds.

The average grownup who visits the zoo thinks it rather a dull sort of show, for the fact that the animals are captive robs them of all the romance that would attach to them in their native forests.

But let the blase sightseer obtain permission to visit the zoo at midnight, and his impressions will be very different. Darkness hides the bars and the boards, and the eyes of some wakeful creature gleam maliciously at you. For the moment you imagine that you are in the wilds, on equal terms with the creatures around.

Poised on the swings and platforms at the top of their cages sleep the monkeys, instinct surviving their loss of freedom, for in the forests they had to sleep thus to avoid the beasts of prey.

Here rests a lioness, [illegible] her back, her legs right in the air and her paws hanging limply down. [illegible] reclines her lord, asleep [illegible] his side, his paws turned in and his general pose not unlike that of a dog.

The more cunning and more cowardly of the animals do not seem to sleep at all, for as soon as they hear our approaching footsteps they give us their greeting with snarls and malevolent glowerings and watch us suspiciously till we depart.—Pearson's.

TEPEE ETIQUETTE.

Never Pass Between an Indian and the Fire—The Seat of Honor.

"If you should ever go into an Indian tepee," said John H. Seger, "remember they have rules of etiquette that are more rigidly adhered to than in our parlors.

"Do not think they are not sensitive, for they are more so than the paps. If you make fun of his layout the whole family will remember the insult for a lifetime.

"The seat of honor is just opposite the door, across the fire pit. Wait until you are invited before you take that seat.

"If you go bolting into an Indian's tepee and rush over and take this vacant seat he may not take you by the nape of the neck and throw you out, but he would like to if he thought it could be done without cutting off his rations.

"In leaving the tepee never pass between any one and the fire. An old chivalric warrior will crawl around the side of the tent and kick a hole in the wall on the north side in a blizzard before he would violate this rule of etiquette and pass between his guests and the smoking embers."—Arapahoe Bee.

Soldiers and Scholars.

[illegible] educated people [illegible] lish belief [illegible] everything [illegible] man officer's [illegible] of the German [illegible] tion of general knowledge to which he submitted his company. "Who was Schiller?" was one of the [illegible] questions. One soldier replied that, though they [illegible] they had heard the name, it suggested a [illegible]. Of those who went into details, one said that the author of "William Tell" was the "inventor of printing," a second described him as "a sage who knew everything," a third put him down as "a man of science," a fourth as a "poet who wrote Scripture history," a fifth as "a musician of great celebrity," and a sixth as "a manufacturer of bells." One wonders what Thomas Atkins would answer if invited to state what he knew of Shakespeare.—Westminster Gazette.

He Didn't Dine.

Mr. Brown had just had a telephone put in connecting his office and house and was very much pleased with it.

"I tell you, Smith," he was saying, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you." Speaking through the telephone—"My friend Smith will dine with us this evening." Then to his friend—"Now, listen and hear how plain her reply comes back." Mrs. Brown's reply came back with startling distinctness: "Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel."

Didn't Want Much.

Here is an advertisement from an old copy of an English provincial journal:

"Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join the household prayer, look after the horses and read a chapter of the Bible. He must, God willing, arise at 7 o'clock in the morning and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands; if he can dress hair, sing psalms and play at cribbage, the more agreeable. Wages, 15 guineas a year."

Nerve.

"By the way, Binks, can you pay that hundred I lent you last week? I just lost [illegible] at bridge."

"Look here, Binks, I hope you don't think I'm going to pay your gambling debts."—Brooklyn Life.

His Mistake.

Gallyer—What mistakes men do make! I was just reading that Columbus thought he had discovered the Indies. Aspley—There are worse mistakes than that. When I married first I thought I had discovered paradise!

There are so many kinds of mistakes that a man can go through life without repeating one and yet never do right.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Out of the Channel.

By LYLE WARD SANDERSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Merton Kester came slowly down the lighthouse stairs. He liked the wind and twist of them. A hazy wish floated through his mind that they might never end. He would like to go on forever, hearing the tap of her little feet on the iron behind him, feeling her hand touch his shoulder every now and then when she grew a bit dizzy with the [illegible].

The [illegible] Kester's sense of [illegible] shoulder [illegible] Marion [illegible] have [illegible] she was [illegible] at his helplessness [illegible] new electric launch and within [illegible] minutes had [illegible] light with him [illegible] in a dory.

It had been [illegible] hard for Mr. Kester when [illegible] Marion to find his old playmate [illegible] by the wealthy Mr. Harvey. [illegible] was true that Marion did not [illegible] but her [illegible] at peace with all the world [illegible] an extremely willing [illegible] in the many trips which that [illegible] was constantly planning. This [illegible] Kester's first chance.

After [illegible] farewells to the old captain, Kester guided his companion down the [illegible] path to the little pebbly beach where their boat awaited them [illegible] not a dory, but a [illegible] many [illegible] Kester helped Marion in, feeling a keen regret that he could not take her into the handsomest launch on the coast.

There was no hint of regret in Marion's face as she picked up the rudder ropes and the boat swung off. The sun was warm, but the breeze, filled with the tang of the sea, blew the girl's bright hair about her face and brought a sparkle to her brown eyes.

"And over the sea lies Spain," sang the girl happily.

"You'd like to visit the old world, wouldn't you, Marion? You must go some day," said Kester, wondering how he would feel if he should know that Harvey and Marion were journeying about Europe together [illegible].

"Some day," repeated the girl softly, her dark eyes [illegible], then smiling into his. She was quite willing [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh, I know," said Merton Kester rather blankly. "I'd better hurry, then."

His mouth suddenly became a straight line. He began to pull with long even strokes. "Harvey can give her everything in the world," he thought, with remorse and some bitterness, "and he isn't a very decent fellow besides, aside from being a snob. If ever a girl was born for riches she was. What right have I to ask her to share my mean little salary? 'Tis a good thing the [illegible] is nearly over. I might say something foolish and make [illegible]. But, oh, may she not smile at me again before we reach the farther side of the little bay."

"The tide is running out fast," said Marion, looking down through the clear water to the yellow sands.

"We'll strike the channel soon," returned Kester, pulling himself together with an effort. "I can never tell exactly where it is when the wind roughs the whole bay. Great day for sailing. Wish we had a yacht, Marion."

"Oh, I like this little boat fully as well," declared the girl contentedly, then suddenly cried, "It's growing shallow, sailor boy; look out!"

Kester's oars stopped in the air. That was the name she had called him when, as children, they had built many dream ships together.

The oars made a savage swoop into the water, the boat shot half its length ahead, then stopped with a jerk, its nose buried in the sand.

"Great Scott, we've struck on the flats! Jerk up the rudder, Marion, while I push her off." Then, after an unavailing effort, "It's no use, this oar is [illegible]. No, don't push, child; sit still."

[illegible] objected Marion, while all of the man's efforts simply caused the obstinate little craft to grind deeper into the sand.

Wrath and mortification struggled on Kester's face. "It's bad enough to have to take the princess out in a mean little rowboat," he broke out, "but to shore her on a sand bank and not be able to pull her off is absolute disgrace."

From far up the bay came the sound of distant puffing, and Kester, glancing up, had the pleasure of seeing a new, shining launch coming rapidly down the channel toward the stranded boat. Still tugging and pulling ineffectually, he turned angrily to the astonished girl.

"Your aunt will be pleased to find you here, Marion. Good heavens, why did you ever come off with me? You ought to be in that launch this minute. You don't belong here"—his wrath poured out on her—"you love luxury; you know you love it like a cat. Harvey's not good enough for you; nobody is. I'm not. He wants you. Of course I want you many times more, but you're crazy to come off with me. He'll be angry and 'twill serve you right. I'm going to signal when he gets nearer and get you over to the channel if I have to carry you. I hope this will teach you a lesson!"

Back of the anger in the man's face the girl read something else and sprang to her feet, crying, "Wait, Merton; don't signal!" With a swirl and a splash she landed knee deep in the water, one hand gathering up her skirts, the other grasping the boat line, while the boat, lightened of her weight, floated off. "I don't belong in the launch. I'd rather be here with you," she said defiantly.

"Marion, what do you mean, dear?" asked Kester, staring at the little figure by his side as if he was just waking out of a sleep.

The girl suddenly began to cry. "I thought I'd better be helping you—helping you pull this boat," she sobbed, "than riding round in an old launch with a man I don't like. But if you don't want me I can take him, I suppose." Her voice died away as she struggled vainly to keep her wind blown hair out of her face, her skirts from the water and the tears from blinding her eyes.

"He shall never have you," declared Kester fiercely, dropping the rope and catching the girl in his arms. "Little comrade, do you mean it? I do want your help, little girl, and it will make you happy. Oh, don't hide your face, dear! Your hair is so lovely—but it's dreadfully in the way!"

The [illegible] Mr. Harvey, as his launch came swiftly down the channel, noted with astonishment two persons over toward the lighthouse wading slowly through the shallow water. He thought at first that he recognized the girl's [illegible], and her green skirt, which she had gathered about her knees. The gulls circled over their heads and the sea [illegible] blew the girl's bright hair about her face. The man waded very close to her side. The pair seemed in no particular hurry. Behind them bobbed a little white boat.

Caught on a Fishhook.

Who that has fished has escaped getting a fishhook caught in a thumb or finger? There is nothing more painful and more difficult to remove than this simple little incident. The first impulse of the fisher man or woman is to try to remove the hook the way it got caught in the fish, and the more it is pushed back to release it the deeper it cuts and hurts the [illegible]. On account of the peculiar shape of a fishhook it is necessary to push it all the way through, if the hook is one of those without the loop or eye at the upper end, or else it must be pushed through until the tip of the hook is cleared, and then a pair of tweezers will serve to snap the metal and let the hook be taken out of the flesh. Sometimes a good steel knife will do the hook cutting if tweezers are not handy. The wound made by the hook should be thoroughly cleansed with hot water and perhaps some disinfectant, after which it should be covered with a soothing ointment and then carefully bound with lint or a bandage.—New York Herald.

The "Woman From England."

One of the most curious myths of the middle ages, singularly false and fantastic in its character, but so persistent that it eventually attained general belief, was the story of "Pope Joan," the woman pope who was supposed to have sat in St. Peter's chair about midway of the ninth century. For 200 years in the great cathedral at Siena, Italy, along with the busts of all the other popes, there stood a bust of this mythical female bearing upon it the inscription, "John VIII., a Woman From England." This bust was put in its place by ecclesiastical authorities in the year 1400 without protest from any source, and in pursuance of the universal popular belief that the eighth John had indeed been a woman, and this in spite of the fact that the personal history of the real John VIII., who was a man and a Roman, and the defier of the Emperor Charles the Bald, was open to the scholars of the world. It was only at the beginning of the seventeenth century that the bust of the "woman from England" was taken down.—Argonaut.

According to History.

A New York man, who spends a portion of the summer each year in England, tells of an amusing incident in connection with his first visit to Richmond castle. On that occasion he was accompanied by a guide who relied for his information mainly on a guide book, which from time to time he would furtively consult if he thought the visitor was not looking his way.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the New Yorker.

"According to hist'ry," replied the guide, "it's ninety-two feet."

Similar replies were made to other questions of a like nature, each being vouchsafed with the assurance that it was "according to hist'ry."

Finally there was reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"Pretty steep descent!" exclaimed the American.

"Yes, sir," came from the guide in his monotonous tone; "according to hist'ry, it's almost perpindicular!"

QUEER LIZARDS.

These Have the Power of Spouting Blood From the Eyes.

That certain lizards have the power to emit a stream of blood from their eyes has been a tradition of the southwest from time out of mind, but many scientists have classed it with the jewel in the toad's head and the hoop snake. Raymond Lee Ditmars, curator of reptiles in the New York Zoological society, made exhaustive research to ascertain what foundation in fact, if any, there is in the tradition of the blood spouting lizards. He had nearly made up his mind that it was purely mythical when he came upon a startling demonstration of its truth. He had received a particularly fine specimen of the Mexican horned lizard and after photographing it proceeded to measure it. The result he tells in his "Reptile Book."

"The latter process," he says, "seemed to greatly excite the creature. It finally threw the [illegible] upward, the neck began to [illegible] the eyes bulged from the [illegible] when there was a distinct sound like that produced if one pressed the tongue against the roof of the mouth and forced a small quantity of air forward. This rasping sound, continuing but the fraction of a second, was accompanied by a jet of blood at great pressure.

"It hit the wall four feet away, at the same level as that of the reptile. The duration of the [illegible] of blood appeared to be about one and a half seconds, and toward its termination the force gradually diminished, as noted by a course of drops down the wall and along the floor to a position almost under the spot where the reptile had been held. The stream of blood seemed to be as fine as horsehair and to issue from the eyelid, which was momentarily much swollen.

"For some time after the performance the eyes were tightly closed, and nothing could induce the lizard to open them. Within two minutes after it was placed on the ground the protruding aspect of the eyeballs and the swelling of the eyelids had disappeared.

"Most surprising was the amount of blood expended. The wall and floor showed a course of thickly sprinkled spots about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. There were 103 of these spots."—Philadelphia North American.

THE PAY CAR.

Its Coin Rack, Crammed With Yellow Boys, a Tempting Sight.

The good old days are gone. In these heathen times railroad men are paid by check. Of the pay car and its luxuries, travels C. F. Carter writes in the American Magazine as follows:

"A metal coin rack clamped to the muzzle with three denominations of yellow boys, [illegible] and on the desk behind it [illegible] wooden tray [illegible] which [illegible] columns of yellow [illegible] anything so [illegible].

No wonder your [illegible] you could have [illegible] for that [illegible].

"And all the time [illegible] shining, tinkle, tinkle, clink, clink [illegible] up from coin rack and counter in response to the calls of the assistant paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's symphonies!

"If it were not for that strong wire screen you could have touched that fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second a wicked thought flitted through your brain. Then you almost fainted, as your roving eye stared down the barrel of a monstrous revolver. It was only in a rack, but it was within easy reach of the paymaster's hand and most eloquent for all that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay in the handiest places, while as many Winchesters lying on tables and settees came in strong on the chorus.

"Hurriedly your vagrant wits [illegible] themselves with all the Sunday school lessons you had ever learned. As your subconsciousness perceived that the head of the road's secret service department stood on the platform with his eyes intent on every man in the car at once, while Conductor Linkenpin stood on the ground outside very much alert with his coat tail bulging suggestively, your bosom swelled with pride over the watchful care the company had exercised to bring its honest toilers their hard earned money."

Power of the Waves.

The power of waves, says M. Bronnin in La Nature, is the sum of two efforts, one dynamic and due to the orbital movement of the water particles, the other static and dependent on the height of the center of gravity of the mass raised above its normal position. Theory and observation seem to show that the total power of waves is divided equally between these static and dynamic effects. If a body of water meets the wall of a structure there is a shock, and this is most violent at the water surface, diminishing with the depth. At the moment of meeting jets of water rise sometimes to very great heights.

His System.

Shippen Clark (to his employer, leaving the office)—Oh, Mr. System, haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining. Mr. System—Can't help it. I have made a resolution to have one here and one at home to provide for all emergencies. Now, if I take this one they'll both be at home.—London Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Easy—Cheer up, Mr. Peck. If we must go down let's go cheerfully like men. Mr. Peck—But, hang it all, Mr. Easy, if I don't get home my wife will never let me go fishing again, never!—Harper's Weekly.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends.—Homer.

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Following Bigger's Example.

By JAMES REILLY.

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Temple slipped off his coat and threw it beside the camera case, with a "Watch it" to the white bulldog that sat gravely at the foot of the tree.

Bigger exhibited his teeth in a smile intended to be pleasant and stretched himself out beside the case on the soft mat of pine needles. The walk to the falls had not tired him, but he was well content to lie on the fragrant carpet and doze and dream of cats on fences that were always low enough to bring the feline prey within his reach and of a succession of canine battles in which he was always the victor. At heart Bigger was a child of peace. It was only in his dreams that his visions were tinged with blood.

Here and there through the woods a locust shrilled and the air was vibrant with the song of birds and the soft hum of insect life. Dick Temple had picked out a clump of pines in which to make his camp, and through the leafy aisles Bigger could command a view of the deeper woods beyond and the little river that wound its way through the forest, marking with a tint of more vivid green the undergrowth along its banks.

Down the wind came the faint roar of falling waters where the stream plunged forty feet over the black stones to dance in very joy at the foot of the falls before taking up its course to the river beyond.

Temple had long ago exhausted the photographic possibilities of the falls and departed in the direction of downstream, but the footfalls that roused Bigger from a dream of conquest came from the other way, and Bigger looked up just as the sunlight glinted upon the golden hair and the scarlet coat of a slender girl who under other circumstances would have excited Bigger's entire approval.

From the crown of the golden head to the tip of the dainty russet shoe she was a patrician, one of Bigger's very own sort. If there were bench shows for humans, surely she must be possessed of as many blue ribbons as there were in his own particular cabinet at home.

This being the case, it seemed strange to Bigger that she should share in common with the trampish characters a desire for his master's property, and he emitted a low growl of polite warning.

The girl came steadily forward until she was almost within reach of those powerful jaws; then she paused.

"You are a very bad dog," she scolded gently. "It is very dear of you to keep guard over these things, but don't you know they are not yours to guard?"

Bigger made vigorous dissent to this sentiment, but the girl went on.

"You see," she explained, "Reggy wants these extra plates before the light gets away. I am afraid you are not going to let me have them."

She moved easily toward the case, talking in the same steady voice, and her hand was already upon the holders when Bigger's teeth set firmly in her skirt.

Had it been a tramp Bigger would have sprung at his throat, but he knew that there was some mistake, and he sought only to hold the girl until his master should have come up to accept her explanations. The girl regarded him hopelessly.

"You're a bad, wicked dog," she scolded, "to make so much trouble. When Reg comes I shall have him whip you, and he will come. He's too anxious to wait long for me. Please let me go."

She made a movement to disengage herself, but Bigger growled again, and this time there was a deeper note that warned her that resistance would be met with greater force. She sank helplessly back upon the springy, odorous carpet of nature and settled herself more comfortably.

"I shall have to wait for Reggie," she said, "and he'll be really angry at you if you spoil his chance of getting that view. He's going back to town tomorrow, and he will not have another opportunity."

Bigger preserved a discreet silence. He was too gallant to argue a point with a woman. As long as she remained quiet he had nothing to say. For half an hour she sat there in silence broken only by the chatter of the squirrels and the hum of the summer noises; then there was a crashing sound in the underbrush, and Bigger pricked up his ears, while the girl roused herself to listen.

"Here I am, Reggie!" she called. "Under the pines by your camera! There's a horrid dog here, and he won't let me go."

A loud, clear whistle sounded, but Bigger only growled a protest against obedience and clung to his captive. A moment later Temple burst through the alders that fringed the stream. The girl's face turned crimson.

"If this is your dog," she said, with dignity, "will you kindly call him off? He has kept me a prisoner here for almost an hour, and my brother is waiting for these plates."

"Possibly the dog appreciates the fact that I should need them myself," he said, with a laugh and a sign to Bigger, who released his prisoner and stalked with dignity across to Temple. "You see," he went on, "they happen to be my plates."

He knelt on the ground to shift the used holders to a compartment of the case and change the new ones to a sling carrier across his shoulders. The girl stared at him in astonishment, and he, guessing her thoughts, looked up.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said, holding up the case. She read the name "Richard Temple" on the silver plate and blushed in confusion.

"My brother, Mr. Storms, has the same sort of case," she explained. "He sent me for more plates, and I thought that these were his and that the dog had strayed."

"Storms?" he said musingly. "You must be Miss Mildred Storms, who is staying [illegible] at the Beechmont farm?"

The girl nodded, and Temple smiled. "I think I can solve the mystery," he said. "You took the wrong road from the falls. Had you turned to the left instead of the right you would have come to a very similar clump of pines, where, no doubt, your brother's camera lies. You can't blame Bigger, can you?"

"He is a dear old faithful," she declared, with forgiveness. "And a perfect gentleman," she added. "He would not bite. He just held me until you came to explain the mistake. I should like to know him better."

"With your permission we will call," he suggested. "Your brother and I belong to the same camera club in town. I did not know that you were his sister. I can take you a short cut to the other clump of pines, and we'll take the plates to him."

Storms was kneeling over his case as they came up.

"I came and got the plates," he explained when their own explanations had been offered and proper introductions accomplished. "I knew you couldn't get very far away, and I did want that picture with the light on the wet rocks. Come over this evening, Temple, and I'll show you my negatives. I go back to town in the morning."

Temple took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger only smiled amiably when she came after the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I feel flattered," he said, with a laugh.

"But I do think so," she insisted.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I don't see what you mean," she said, with a puzzled knitting of the brows.

"Like Bigger, I want to hold on to you," he said as he possessed himself of her hand, "only I want to keep you forever. May I, dear?"

The answer must have been "Yes," for an engagement ring in the form of a dog collar adorns the proper finger.

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Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1907.

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1

Defendant's interests in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land lying and being in the Township of Lafayette, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post marked two and three (2) and (3) the northeast corner of lot No. two (2) thence East (87.6) eighty-seven and six-tenths perches to a post marked three (3) and four (4) thence south one hundred and eighty-two and eight-tenths (182.8) perches to a post in the north line of lot No. (6) six; thence west bounding on lots Nos. six (6) and five (5) eighty-seven and six-tenths (87.6) perches to a post the southeast corner of lot No. two (2); thence north bounding on lot No. 2 (182.8) one hundred and eighty-two and eight-tenths perches to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred acres strict measure be the same more or less and being lot No. (3) three of the survey of L. Garton and part of warrant No. [illegible], Being the same land conveyed to Thomas Tait by Zenri West, Trustee by deed dated March 10, 1879, and recorded in Recorder's Office in McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. 10, page 28, etc. Then by deed Constance V. Tait by Thomas Tait, dated 27th day of July, 1891, and recorded in Recorder's Office in McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 64, page 327, etc. Then by deed of John S. Griffen, et al, heirs of Constance V. Tait to Andrew Miller and Charles Ward by deed dated 5th day of January, A. D. 1892, and recorded in Recorder's Office in McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 75, page 20, etc. Then the interest of Charles Ward was transferred to Andrew Miller by deed.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house with an ell, one frame barn with usual outbuildings and a few fruit trees, mostly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Andrew Miller at the suit of L. A. Fischer & Co.

Daniel W. Healy, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces or parcels of land, leasehold, estates and oil rights, situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County, Penna., and bounded and described as follows, viz: All that certain leasehold estate situate, lying and being in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on lands of Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane and demised and leased unto F. W. Andrews, L. E. Andrews, O. P. Boggs, J. H. Rathburn, J. Rosenburg, W. L. Curtis and J. M. Armstrong, by the said Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane, by written indenture of lease bearing date as hereinafter set forth years from the date thereof for purposes and Recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in the various Books as hereinafter recited. Said leasehold being bounded and described as follows:

1st. All that certain tract, piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2690. Beginning at a post, the Northeast corner of land of J. T. Griffith in lot No. 5, thence by the center of the Big Level Road north 82 degrees, 50 minutes East one thousand thirty-nine (1039) feet North 88 degrees 30 minutes East two hundred ninety-four (294) feet and south [illegible] degrees [illegible] minutes East one hundred eighteen feet to center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad, thence Southwardly by said Railroad on a 6 degree curve to the left eleven hundred seventy-five (1175) feet and on a 2 degree curve to the left sixteen hundred five (1605) feet, thence by the North boundary of Warrant 2691, West eight hundred ninety (890) feet; thence by land of J. T. Griffith in Lot 5 North 1 degree 30 minutes West sixteen hundred (1600) feet to the place of beginning. Containing forty-three 61-100 Acres (43.61 A.). Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 41, &c.

2nd. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of petroleum or oil rights in and under that portion of Town lot No. 5 lying in Warrant No. 2690 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post the Northeast corner of Lot 5 thence by the Big Level Road North 82 degrees and 15 minutes East fifty-five [illegible] rods to a post, thence by land of Elisha K. Kane South 1 degree [illegible] minutes East one hundred thirty-seven 40-100 (137.40) rods; thence by the North boundary of Warrant 2691 and of land leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews North 89 degrees 41 minutes West fifty-six 4-10 (56.4) rods; thence by the East boundary of lot 5 North 1 degree 15 minutes West one hundred thirty 9-10 (130.9) rods to the place of beginning. Containing forty-seven 1-10 (47.1) acres, being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 112, &c.

3rd. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2691. Beginning at a post and stones the Southeast corner of land leased to Taylor and Torrey; thence by the East line of said leased land North 1 degree and 25 minutes West two hundred twenty (220) rods; thence by land leased to Armstrong, Boggs, Curtis, Rosenberg and Andrews parallel to the South lines of Lots 8 & 7 East forty-eight and 13-100 (48.13) rods; thence parallel with the East line of Taylor and Torrey lease aforesaid South 1 degree 25 minutes East two hundred eighteen 8-10 (218.8) rods; thence by the South line of Warrant 2691, South 89 West forty-eight 13-100 (48.13) rods to the place of beginning. Containing Sixty-six (66) Acres. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated Aug. [illegible], and recorded in Deed Book [illegible], page 410, &c.

4th. All that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2691. Beginning at a point in the center of the Big Level Road or Kane Street in the Village of Mt. Jewett eight rods West of the intersection of the center of the bridge on said street over the center of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Coal Railroad; thence following said road or street N. 65 degrees 30 minutes W. two 1-10 rods south 88 degrees west eighteen 9-10 rods and south 89 degrees 15 minutes west one hundred 8-10 rods; thence by the east line of Farm Lot No. 28 north 1 degree west ninety-three 7-10 rods and north 2 degrees 30 minutes west fifty-four 8-10 rods to a post; thence by the north lines of Farm Lots Nos. 23 and 4 south 88 degrees 45 minutes west one hundred nineteen 4-10 rods; thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey north 1 degree 15 minutes west forty-one rods; thence by the south boundary of land of Robert Halsey and others in Warrant 5078 north 89 degrees 45 minutes east two hundred seventy-five 1-10 rods to a post; thence south 1 degree east one hundred thirty-four 2-10 rods; thence south 86 degrees west thirty-five 12-100 rods; thence south 1 degree east forty rods to the place of beginning. Containing One Hundred Ninety-five 1-4 Acres, Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 29th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 56, page 108, &c.

5th. All those two certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, parts of Warrants 2607, 2691 and 2692, one parcel beginning at a post marking the southeast corner of Warrant 2690 being 10.5 rods north of the north east corner of Davis, Moffitt and Hewells lumber lots surveyed by G. H. Lyon in December 1886, thence by the South line of Warrant 2691 S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 145 rods thence S. 4 degrees 10 minutes E. 155 rods, S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 156 rods thence by land under option to lease to Taylor & Torrey N. 4 degrees 10 minutes W. 155 rods; thence by the south line of Warrant 2691 S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 0.2 rods to a beech tree N. 89 degrees W. 10.6 rods to a chestnut tree and S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 55.37 rods; thence parallel to the general course of the west boundary of Warrant 2691, northwardly 218 8-10 rods thence east 13 17-100 rods north 23 82-100 rods and by Lots 7, 6 and 5 about 125 rods to the southeast corner of Lot 5 thence by said lot north about 80 rods; thence by the south boundary of Warrant 2630 Eastwardly about 62 rods to the center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad thence by the said Railroad southwardly about 70 rods; thence by the southern boundary of land embraced in a lease between Elisha K. Kane and F. W. Andrews dated March 1st, 1889, eastwardly about 164 rods to the east boundary of Warrant 2691 and on the same course a further distance of 244.5 rods to the east line of land of Chas. Roos; thence by the boundaries of said land S. 11 degrees 30 minutes E, 67 rods; S. 80 degrees 37 minutes W. 124 rods and S. 88 degrees 30 minutes W. 120 rods to a post and stones thence by the east boundary of Warrant 2691 S. 1 degree 15 minutes E. 164.38 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 150 Acres in Warrant 2692, 618.5 Acres in 2691 and 77 acres in Wt. 2607, a total area of 845.5 Acres. And the second parcel comprising all those reserved petroleum for oil rights in and under those portions of farm lots No. 5, 6 and 7 in Warrant 2691 bounded and described as follows: "Beginning at the southeast corner of lot 5 thence by the south line of lots 5, 6 and 7 west 126.0 rods thence N. 1 degree 30 minutes W. 28 63-100 to a post and stones, thence by the south line of Warrant 2630 east 126.0 rods; thence by the east line of lot 5 S. 1 degree 15, 49 2-10 rods to the place of beginning, Containing Twenty-six 5-10 Acres more or less." Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated May 15, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 58, page 148, &c.

Also, all my interest being the undivided one fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7-8) interest in and to those certain leaseholds in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: All the certain reserved petroleum or oil rights in and under certain farm lots in Warrant [illegible], Hamlin Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, described as follows in two parcels to-wit: One parcel comprising the Smith lot, the Collings lot, the J. B. Keen lot, the J. Mellander lot and the James Nelson lot and containing together three hundred nine acres. Beginning at the northeast corner of said Collings lot 40 rods north of the Big Level Road thence by land of John Carlson and land of Clarence Mellander westwardly (N. 86 degrees W.) 214 6-10 rods; thence by land of Niles Nelson south 41 rods thence by center of Big Level Road westwardly 15 rods; thence by the west and north lines of said J. Mellander lot south 85 1-2 rods; west 58 rods, south 72 7-10 rods to the northwest corner thereof, thence by the south boundaries of the Mellander, B. Keen, Nelson and Smith lots (N. 86 degrees E.) eastwardly 291 6-10 rods to the southeast corner of the Smith lot; thence by the east boundaries of the Smith & Collings lots northwardly 195 [illegible] rods to the place of beginning. Being parcel of those petroleum rights reserved inter alia out of three deeds from the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Company to T. S. Kane to L. L. Smith and to Wm. Smith recorded in McKean County Deed Book U, page [illegible], Deed Book [illegible] and Deed Book —— page —— respectively and the other parcel comprising Lot A containing 40 acres, Lot No. 1 containing 51 acres, Lot 18, containing 48 acres, Lot B, containing 40 acres, Lot C, containing 80 acres, the August Carlson Lot (divided between J. H. Nelson and Carley Lundon) 40 acres and the Carley Lundon lot containing 16 acres. Containing together three hundred twenty-three acres. Beginning at a post the northeast corner of the Carley Lundon Lot; thence by the boundaries thereof south 84 rods, west 80 6-10 rods, north 56 rods, west 8 rods, north 31 7-10 rods and by the centre of Big Level Road N. 78 degrees E. 17 rods thence by the west line of land in lot 17, north 172 8-10 rods; thence by land of Enterprise Transit Co. east 100 rods; thence by the John P. Mellander lot south 84 6-10 rods, east 155½ rods and south 43 rods, thence by the boundaries of lot 18 N. 50 degrees E. 4 rods N. 78 degrees E. 16 rods, N. 77 degrees E. 10 rods N. 60 degrees E. 20 rods N. 40 degrees E. 12 rods, N. 52½ degrees E. 18 rods and N. 1 degree 15 minutes E. to land of Enterprise Company (the seven last named courses being given at a variation of three degrees west of true meridian; thence by said land east 61 rods; thence by the east line of lot 18 south 51 rods; thence by the west and south boundaries of lot 1 south 100 rods southwestwardly 61 rods and along the Big Level Road northwestwardly 20 rods; thence by the boundaries of the parcel first above described north 20 rods west 214 3-10 rods south 41 rods, westwardly 15 rods south 85½ rods and west 58 rods; thence by the west boundary of Nelsons part of August Carlson lot north 77 rods, and by the Big Level Road S. 78 degrees 30 minutes W. 8½ rods to the place of beginning. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathborn by Articles of Agreement dated March 20, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. No. 56, page 112.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to all the petroleum or oil right or real estate interest in the petroleum or oil in and under or embraced in the seven parcels of land, or reserved mineral rights in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, hereinafter described to-wit: The first parcel comprising the petroleum rights under the John P. Mollander lot in Warrant [illegible] containing forty five acres, and adjoining piece of nine acres between the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad and the Bucksville Road as the same have been removed to roads following. Reserving the petroleum thereon and the right of entering freely at all times for the purpose of exploring for producing, digging, mining or carrying away the same together with the right to divide or sub-divide into parts or parcels at pleasure and sell lease transfer or assign the same or any part thereof at will. Provided the sufficient compensation is made to the part of the second part (to wit the owner of the surface or soil) for any of the said land which may be occupied for the production, removal or storage of mineral values and likewise for any injury done to improvements situate thereon. The second parcel comprising the lot containing twenty-seven acres described in deed to Elisha K. Kane recorded in McKean County in Deed Book U, page 165, &c., together with a strip or tract adjoining the same on the south and comprising portions of land conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded in Deed Book U, page 163, &c., and Deed Book 35, page 1, &c. Beginning at the southeast corner of said Kane lot and running thence north 86 degrees 30 minutes east one hundred eighty-five rods; thence north 1 degree 30 minutes east fifty-nine 75-100 rods; thence south 0 degrees 30 minutes east thirty-nine 3-10 rods to a hemlock tree corner of land of the Enterprise Transit Company; thence by said land on said course a further distance of sixty 7-10 rods; thence west to the centre of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad; thence by the centre line of said railroad northwardly to intersection with south line of lot H, formerly of [illegible] thence by said line east eighty-three rods; thence north 1 degree 30 minutes west thirty 5-10 rods thence east ninety 5-10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred thirty-six acres more or less. The third parcel comprising one hundred thirty-one acres conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deed recorded in Deed Book 37, page 113, &c. The fourth parcel comprising sixty-three 35-100 acres namely two lots conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded as follows: one for thirty 35-100 acres in Deed Book 35, page 418, &c., and one for thirty-three acres in Deed Book 35, page 417, &c. The fifth parcel comprising one hundred fifty-four acres described in deed to Elizabeth D. Kane recorded in Deed Book 28, page 1, &c. The sixth parcel comprising forty-one 20-100 acres bounded on the west by the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad, on the north and east by the fifth parcel and on the south by the second parcel. The seventh parcel comprising one hundred acres the southern half of a tract of two hundred acres in Warrant [illegible] lying West of lands of Enterprise Company in said Warrant. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathborn by Articles of Agreement dated March [illegible], and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 102.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to all that certain piece, parcel or lot of petroleum or oil rights in and under Farm lots Nos. 34 and 35 in Warrant 2680, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post set by G. H. Lyon in the south line of Warrant 2689 at its intersection with the west line of lot 34 to mark the northwest corner of land leased to F. W. Andrews thence by the said west line of lot 34 south 35 degrees 30 minutes east 112 8-10 rods; thence by the south lines of lots 35 and 34 south 59 degrees west 85 4-10 rods to a post the southwest corner of lot 34, thence by the west line of lot 34 northwestwardly such a distance that a line run north 59 degrees east parallel to the south line of the farms will intercept twenty acres of said Farm lot 34; thence by the west line of lot 35 northwestwardly to the south line of Warrant 2689 aforesaid, thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey in said Warrant 2680 north 59 degrees 20 minutes east to the place of beginning. Being the same property leased by Elizabeth D. Kane to O. P. Boggs by Articles of Agreement dated November 14th, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 60, page 381, &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2688; Beginning at a post and stones the southwest corner of Warrant No. 2691, thence by the west line of Warrant 2692 south four degrees east three hundred fourteen 2-10 rods to the southwest corner of said Warrant 2692, thence by compromise line run for the south boundary of Warrant 2688 and north line of lands of Robert Halsey south eighty-six degrees west two hundred fifty-five 2-10 rods to a post on the east bank of West Clarion Creek; thence ascending the said Creek on a general course N. 15 W. eighty-two 4-10 rods; thence north twenty-one degrees twenty-five minutes east two hundred sixty-seven 9-10 rods to a post and stones; thence by land in Warrant 2689 leased to Taylor and Torrey south eighty-nine degrees twenty minutes east one hundred fifty-five 4-10—to the place of beginning. Containing four hundred fifty-one 67-100 acres. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated December 18th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 117, &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, designated as follows, to-wit: Being three hundred eighty-one acres in Warrant 2688 the same being more fully described in a certain lease from Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews dated July 16, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book No. 53, page 392, among the records of McKean County, Pennsylvania, reference thereunto being had and more fully and at large appear. Also all my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided one-fourth (¼) interest in and to all that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lot No. 8; thence by the east line of said lot N. 3 E. 106 rods and by lot 3 on same course 142 rods to a post thence by the north line of lot 4 S. 87 E. 88 rods and by the north line of lot 23 on same course 90 rods to a post; thence by the east line of lot 23 south 3 west 144 rods; thence by the center of the Big Level Road south 83 west 18 rods; thence by the east line of lot 4 south 3 west 123.1 rods; thence by the south line of Warrant 2690 north 87 west 70.9 rods to a post; thence south 3.50 west 53.6 rods; thence by the south line of lot 7 north 87 west 30.3 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred ninety-three 23-100 acres more or less. Being parts of Warrants 2690 and 2691 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, viz: 187 acres in Warrant 2690 and 6.23 acres in Warrant 2691 and lying in and under the following Farm lots and portions of Farm lots, viz: Lot 4, 51.08 acres; lot 7, 47.66 acres; lot 23, 64 [illegible] acres; and lot 6, 20.19 acres. And also a second parcel comprising all petroleum or oil in and under a tract of land in Warrant 2691 beginning at a post the southeast corner of land of Ernest Lumbury in lot 4 aforesaid, thence by the south line of lot 7 (comprised in the first parcel above described) eastwardly 70.3 rods; thence by land embraced in lease to F. W. Andrews dated May 10th, A. D. 1889, parallel to the west boundary of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon in August, A. D. 1889, south 1.30 east 26.60 rods; thence parallel to the south lines of lots 8 and 7 west 61.2 rods; thence by lands leased to Taylor and Torrey parallel to the west line of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon as aforesaid north 1.30 west 56.80 rods to a post thence by the south line of lot 7 east 20.9 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 21 acres more or less. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to J. M. Armstrong, O. P. Boggs, W. L. Curtis, J. Rosenberg and F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated September 20th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 58, page 298, &c.

Together with all and singular a like interest in the One Hundred and Ten oil wells located on the lands and leaseholds estates above described and the One Hundred and Ten engines, One Hundred and Ten wood rigs, Sixteen boilers, all casing, tubing, sucker rods, tanks, tools, rope, pipe, fittings, connections, &c., to the said wells belonging or in any wise appertaining, save and except such property of the Pipe Line Company as may be in, under, over or upon the said lands.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of O. P. Boggs at the suit of F. D. Wood, Assignee of L. E. Andrews.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Beginning at a stake at the northeast corner of Pike and Mechanic streets; thence east along the north line of Pike street, forty-eight (48) feet to a stake; thence north on a line parallel to Mechanic street, forty-five (45) feet to a stake, thence westerly forty-seven (47) feet more or less, to a stake in the East line of Mechanic street, thence south along the East line of Mechanic street fifty-five (55) feet to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to W. E. Johnson by Armanta B. Davis and husband by deed of even date herewith.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house with a basement.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. E. Johnson, Defendant, and W. E. Johnson, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth J. Johnson, Terre Tenant, at the suit of G. C. Murray.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situated in the 5th Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot number 52 B fronting twenty-five (25) feet on High street as shown on the High street Paving Assessment Map made by A. F. Hannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 131, at page No. 552.

Improved and having thereon one one-story and basement frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Isabelle Jund and Blanche Huff and William T. Huff (Blanche Huff is now intermarried with John McCrum) at the suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, City Solicitor.

5

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit:

First. The northeastern part of lot 15, in Warrant [illegible], beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 1; thence north one degree 15 minutes east 51 rods to the south line of Warrant No. 2695; thence by land heretofore conveyed to the Enterprise Transit Company, south 87 degrees east 64.8 rods to a post; thence south 1 degree 15 minutes east 51 rods to a post, the northeast corner of lot No. 1, thence by said lot north 87 degrees west 65.9 rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING 21.50 acres. Reserving thereout the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, one hundred feet in width and also the right of way of the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad Company 60 feet in width and excepting thereout to the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company a certain strip as described in Deed from John W. Molander to said Company dated Sept. 21, 1886, containing 2.2 of an acre.

Second. Part of Warrant No. 2703, BEGINNING at a post at the intersection of the east boundary of land of H. A. Thompson with the south line of the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, 50 feet from the centre of railroad; thence by said land of Thompson, south 670 feet; thence by north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad 30 feet from centre of railroad north [illegible] degrees [illegible] minutes east 100 feet; north 84 degrees 45 minutes east 100 feet; north 69 degrees east 255 feet; thence by land of John W. Molander in lot 10 north 2 degrees 30 minutes east 717 feet; thence by the south line of right of way of N. Y., L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., aforesaid, 50 feet from centre of railroad south 84 degrees and 15 minutes west [illegible] rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING, after deducting public road a net area of 7.78 acres more or less.

Third. Part of Warrant No. 2703, BEGINNING at the northwest corner of lot 18; thence by the north line of right of way of the N. Y., L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., 50 feet from the centre thereof, southwestwardly about 88 rods to the east line of lot A and of a further distance of 41 rods to intersection with the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad; thence by the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad (30 feet from the centre thereof) westwardly 20 rods to lands of Clarence Mellander in the west half of lot A; thence by said land of Mellander north 3 degrees east 8 rods and north 87 degrees west 60 rods to the northwest corner of lot A; thence by lands of Niles Nelson in lot B, north 3 degrees east 31.28 rods; thence by land of the Enterprise Transit Company, eastwardly 270 rods to place of beginning, CONTAINING 47.6 acres. EXCEPTING therefrom 14 acres conveyed by August Mellander and wife to John Ellason by deed dated June 7, 1895, recorded in Deed Book No. 85, page 470, &c.

The said pieces were conveyed to John W. Molander by deed from Charles H. Hutchinson, et al., Trustees, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 72, page 510, etc. The second by deed from Elisha K. Kane and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 79, page 361, etc., and the third by deed from August Mellander and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 135, page 150, etc., and the said lands are subject to reservations of Coal, Iron, Limestone, Petroleum and Gas as in the said Deeds mentioned.

Improved and having thereon, One, two story frame dwelling house with small attached, a large frame barn and a blacksmith shop, two good water wells and a large young orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W. Molander at the suit of E. C. Cleveland.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2380, being lot No. 84, on the plot of the Park side Land and Improvement Company on the north side of Elm street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north side of Elm street, 100 feet east of the northeast corner of Elm street and Elk avenue; thence north 150 feet to a post; thence east fifty (50) feet to a post in the west line of lot No. 83; thence south by the west line of said lot No. 83, 150 feet to the said north line of Elm street; thence by the north line of said Elm street, west fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7500 square feet of land, more or less, and having thereon erected, one two-story frame dwelling house. Being the same land conveyed by Carrie B. Clark and Fred G. Clark, her husband, to William Gustafson by deed dated the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1904, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 129, page 511, on the 30th day of August, 1904.

Improved and having thereon erected, one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Will Gustafson at the suit of C. L. Okerlind.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 18, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie E. Roberts did, on the 21st day of January 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles E. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles E. Roberts that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie E. Roberts and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie E. Roberts your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.

J. M. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
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